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# South Atlantic Quarterly

WILLIAM K. BOYD,  
WILLIAM H. WANNAMAKER, } EDITORS

## Volume XXVI

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South Atlantic Quarterly

WILLIAM F. HOWE  
WILLIAM H. WATKINS

Volume XXVI

AMERICAN LITERATURE

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## EDITORIAL

The SOUTH ATLANTIC QUARTERLY has completed its quarto-centenary and with this issue begins its twenty-sixth volume. Twenty-five years ago, in January, 1902, the first number came from the press. The inception of the enterprise must be attributed to the first editor, Professor John Spencer Bassett, then of Trinity College (since 1924 Duke University) and now of Smith College, although it was sponsored for a few years by the 9019, a scholarship society of Trinity College. His purpose was to establish a periodical which would be integrated with the new intellectual and social forces that had arisen in the South after 1865. This purpose was expressed in an editorial announcement which well deserves quotation:

Thirty-six years have passed since the end of the Civil War brought a new day to the South. The dawning of that day was observed with anxiety by many people. Some persons, men who were devoted to liberty and equality, thought that it would bring none but blue skies. Others, men who loved the things which had been, thought it could bring nothing but storms. It has been long enough since these two prophecies were made for us to begin to see that neither was entirely true. The new day has been neither so fair nor so foul as was anticipated, but it has grown steadily brighter. It is today fair enough to give hope to many who have for a long time eagerly sought for floods of sunlight.

The renewing process has presented many interesting, and some distressing, phases. There has been, unquestionably, a breakdown of society in rural communities. This has been especially marked in the zones immediately contiguous to the more thriving of the smaller towns. On the other hand, there has been a building up of towns. At first the towns were merely trading points for the farmers of the communities. But within the past decade and a half they have gained much of a manufacturing impulse. Their growth has been steady enough to warrant the hope that they will eventually repair the social loss due to the deterioration of the country. The political conditions have caused much anxiety. They have been complicated by some feeling. They have led to many plans for reform. They will, perhaps, be the last to be modernized. Education, though still far less developed than it ought to be, has made some progress. Some of the institutions of higher learning

have abandoned the delusion of a numerous attendance and have raised their entrance requirements. Most of the towns have established systems of public schools which give adequate instruction in what are known as the "English branches" and some introductory knowledge of Greek, Latin, and at least one science. Everywhere people are beginning to say that it is a shame that there is not more money spent on the public schools. It is evident that educational sentiment is gaining, although the mass of voters are still unwilling to assume the heavy burden of adequate schools.

This general social growth has been accompanied by a small but healthy movement toward literature. It has manifested itself most considerably in fiction; but it has also found expression in poetry, in history, and in literary criticism. It is born of a feeling that something can be done towards the development of literature in the South. It has had the support of many of the best people in the South. It has called out the literary efforts of many young men and of some old men. Its supporters have been men and women of all ages. They have longed for some persons to come who would make literature in the South. They have given to the few efforts which have been worthily made quite as much encouragement, under the circumstances, as could have been expected. Their encouragement has been, perhaps, too exclusively in the nature of good will. They have not realized that three other things besides good will are necessary to literature, viz: book-buying, book-reading, and book-writing. But for all that their good will has been constant and vital. It may be taken as a basis for the future development of these other essentials.

From such reflections it was decided to establish the *QUARTERLY* in the hope that it would appeal to the latent literary talent of the South. But in the periodical there was to be nothing intellectually sectional—no policy of defense, no propaganda in the interest of causes lost or won. Again the words of the editor deserve repetition:

The editor of *THE SOUTH ATLANTIC QUARTERLY* desires to make the journal a medium of encouraging every honest literary effort. He recognizes that to do this there must be liberty to think. He will not close the review to opinions with which he may personally differ. A fair field and a respectful consideration will be his policy. He will consider the *QUARTERLY* fortunate if it succeeds in presenting the problems of today on all of their sides. His ambition is that men shall say that he has sought truth without prejudice and with no more than a modest confidence in his own conclusions. To find truth absolutely might be a good thing, but it does not seem likely to be done. The next

best thing is to have many people seeking it in the spirit of honest tolerance. It is this search which develops mind and brings culture; and it is with a reverent hope of attaining it among a large number of southern men that the present enterprise is placed before the public.

A review of the periodical's experience under successive editorial managements reveals trends partly in conformity with, and partly contrary to, the ideal of the editor. After a few years the magazine was not distinctly southern in the general acceptance of that word—its contributors were from all sections, its contents as cosmopolitan as the nation itself. On the other hand, there has always been an emphasis on the problems of the South—historical, literary, and social. We believe that no existing periodical of a non-technical nature has made such a large contribution to the criticism of southern development.

Whatever stability and success the periodical has enjoyed must be attributed, in a large degree, to the public—to those who have given financial support and those who have contributed to its pages. Trusting in a continuation of that support, the present editors will carry on, endeavoring to maintain a publication that, generous in its policies and cosmopolitan in its scope, will, as heretofore, always give special consideration to the problems of the region in which it was founded and is published.

## LINCOLN AND LEE

"THE SOUTHERNER"\*

### I

**I**T HAS been said that Jefferson Davis is the hero of the South—her William Tell in fact. In this estimate I do not concur. True, in bravery and in loyalty to the Confederacy Mr. Davis was unsurpassed and therein is a real hero. But was not Mr. Davis a bad loser, quarrelsome, partial in his judgment and incapable of inspiring enthusiasm? These defects are neither northern nor southern traits, and to be a people's hero one must possess their characteristics. Who, then, next to Washington, are American heroes, true patriots, worthy models for our youth?

With unanimity history has placed Washington first and Abraham Lincoln next, if not equal. And in this view I concur. Lincoln, though not magnificent like Washington, was more unaccountable and more human, his task more complex, more beset with dangers, his triumph more complete. Now, having in mind the wonderful story of Robert E. Lee, I venture another estimate. Of General Lee must it not be said that during his last years, from April '65 to October '70, from Appomattox to his death, in every element of real greatness he was the superior of both Washington and Lincoln?

These two imperishable names, therefore, emerge from the Civil War period, Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee. And though totally unlike in externals, in the essentials they were wonderfully similar: self sacrifice, clearness of vision, common sense, ability to manage those about them, and a deep, abiding sense of responsibility characterizing each. Lincoln was a democratized Lee; Lee was an aristocratic Lincoln.

In March, 1861, when Lincoln was sworn in as President, he had just turned fifty-two; Lee was then fifty-four. Each

\* The author of this article wishes his name withheld. He is a North Carolinian who has been constrained to revise many of the opinions and judgments concerning the South and its problems held in former years. This will be the theme of his forthcoming volume, "The Re-Education of a Southerner."

was a conservative and each had been an old-line Whig with all that that implies,—stability of government, protection of American industries, and love of the old flag. In personal habits Lincoln was as pure as Lee, and neither was ever heard to swear an oath.

In emergencies Lincoln appealed to the God of nations; Lee rarely closed a public document or a private letter without a similar appeal. If, unlike Lee, Lincoln was not able to formulate a creed, this was not for lack of faith in the Infinite. On leaving Springfield to become President and addressing his neighbors assembled to see him off, Lincoln declared that "without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him (Washington) I cannot succeed, with that assistance I cannot fail." Often speaking of himself as the agent of a Heavenly Father, in a Fast Day Proclamation issued a few years later Lincoln asserted that those nations only are blessed whose God is the Lord.

Finally, when the shadows were lengthening, Lincoln, explaining his faith, asserted that while he had never given his assent to the complicated statement of Christian doctrine which characterized the Articles of Belief and the Confessions of Faith, nevertheless, he would with all his heart and all his soul join any church which would inscribe over its altar this sole qualification of membership: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and thy neighbor as thyself." Upon the death of his little son, Willie, Lincoln sorrowed as Isaac over Benjamin. One day, repeating to Colonel Cannon a dream he had had of his dead boy and of holding sweet communion with him and yet of having a sad consciousness that it was not a reality, Lincoln took from the shelf a copy of Shakespeare's *King John* and read aloud these words to Colonel Cannon:

"And Father Cardinal I have heard you say,  
That we shall see our friends in heaven.  
If that be true I shall see my boy again."

And then the President, bowing his head, burst into tears.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Stephenson's *Lincoln*, p. 264.

His early study of Voltaire and of Volney had made of Lincoln a Christian idealist.

Of Lincoln and Lee it must be said that in the advancement of a cause no great characters were ever more self-effacing. Early in Lincoln's first term a characteristic incident in connection with the garrisoning of Fort Sumter occurred. Seward had Lincoln sign without reading an order countermanding a former order of Secretary Welles of the Navy and detaching the steamship "Powhatan" from the Sumter expedition and sending her off to Fort Pickens. The Sumter expedition failing for lack of war vessels, Welles was indignant and the North exasperated. But Lincoln assumed all the blame, laying none of it at the door of Seward; or as Welles wrote in his diary: "Lincoln played the scapegoat." In the darkest days of the Civil War Lincoln was put to it to find a general of the army. To his friends urging him to retire McClellan from the chief command as he was the President's enemy, Lincoln replied: "I would hold General McClellan's horse if he would win me a battle." Finally, in 1864, when Lincoln was reelected President, triumphant over his opponents, John Hay declares that he sympathized with the beaten rather than the victorious party.

Even so with General Lee; he was always ready to be the scapegoat. After the battle of Gettysburg Lee's officers censured Longstreet for failing to obey the order to attack. Indeed, they charged up that defeat to Longstreet's disobedience; but Lee would not have it so. "Never mind, General," said he to one of the complaining officers, "All this has been my fault, it is I who have lost this fight."

No heroes of poetry or romance were more tender or humane. When luxuries came to General Lee's camp they were turned over to the sick; when Lee's son was wounded and in prison and a northern officer generously proposed to arrange a special cartel of exchange the General replied: "No, I will ask no favor for my son that I cannot ask for the humblest private in the ranks."

At Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, in June, 1863, Lee issued his immortal order No. 72: "The duties exacted of us

by civilization and Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own. The commanding General therefore exhorts the troops to abstain with most scrupulous care from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property and he enjoins upon all officers to bring to summary punishment all who shall in any way offend against the orders upon this subject."

Just before Gettysburg, observing the camp fires blazed unusually bright, Lee noticed that fence rails constituted the fuel; sending for Colonel McIntosh, Lee asked if General Order No. 72 had been published.

"It has, General," said the Colonel.

"Well, Colonel, it must not only be published, it must be obeyed"; and General Lee left him with dignity. Colonel Freemantle, of the British army, being along at this time, records that he saw no straggling in the houses at Chambersburg but on the contrary witnessed the singularly good behaviour of Lee's troops. At this time, too, the incident of the old woman's cow occurred. The Johnny Rebs had captured the animal and would soon have been broiling her on the coals but for General Lee. Getting wind of the matter the General with his own hands restored the precious cow to the "enemy."<sup>2</sup>

These incidents illustrating a phase of Lee's character are fully matched in the life of the humane Lincoln. What is more touching than the letter to Mrs. Bixby when the President of a sorely distressed country, in the midst of a fierce war, paused to beguile her grief! Lincoln could "not refrain from tendering to this mother of five sons who had died gloriously on the field of battle the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. . . . I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement," Lincoln wrote, "and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

<sup>2</sup> From Page's "Lee."



Lincoln pardoned many guilty soldiers because of youth. For pardoning one young fellow he gave this as his reason: "his mother says he is but seventeen." In another pardon case he wired the officer in command, "I am unwilling that any boy under eighteen should be shot." In still another case he said to a poor young girl beseeching him to pardon her brother: "My poor girl, you have come here with no Governor or Senator or Congressman to plead your cause, you seem honest and truthful and you don't wear hoopskirts. I will pardon your brother."

In fact, all through his administration Lincoln's great heart bled for suffering humanity, whether North or South. To an indignant officer clamoring for the death penalty upon a deserter, he replied that he would not sign the death warrant. "General," said Lincoln to this officer, "there are too many widows in the United States now. For God's sake do not ask me to add to the number, for I tell you plainly I won't do it." Lincoln indeed was offering full pardon to all southerners who would come back into the Union, together with full restoration of civil rights and property.

Though naturally self-effacing and humble, when duty called Lincoln and Lee were simply terrible. Of Lee a Union general has declared "that no eagle that ever flew, no tiger that ever sprang, had more natural courage," and that notwithstanding his poise he was naturally "the most belligerent, bulldog man at the head of any army in the war." In the winter of 1861 Lee, commanding troops in West Virginia, was inactive a whole season. The public clamored for a fight, the press denounced Lee; even Virginia was losing confidence in him. Advised that his reputation was suffering, Lee's face lighted with a sad smile, as he replied: "I cannot afford to sacrifice the lives of five or six hundred men to silence public clamor." When at Appomatox Lee surrendered to Grant, a solicitous friend asked what posterity would think of his act of surrendering an army in the field. Lee replied: "That is not the question, Colonel; the question is, is it right to surrender this army? If it is right, then I will take the responsibility."



Throughout Lincoln's four years as President he never shirked responsibility. In the beginning he assumed great power and thereafter suspending the writ of Habeas Corpus he dealt with the Copperheads as traitors to their country, imprisoning them without judge or jury. When the "Vindictives," as Stephenson in his *Life of Lincoln* dubs them, urged on by Ben Wade, insisted that Lincoln should not veto the reconstruction legislation of 1864, humiliating to the Southern States, Lincoln pursued his own course and vetoed the measure. "This bill is unconstitutional," he declared, "and I will not stultify myself by endorsing it. The Constitution must be preserved. . . . As a war measure the President may do things which the Congress cannot do." So the bill failed, though Lincoln was warned that his veto would cause his defeat for a second nomination.

## II

Lincoln's tolerance, his love of humanity, has made him very dear to the southern heart, as like qualities make the memory of Lee a blessing in northern households.<sup>3</sup> Before he became President, Lincoln had used these words: "I have no prejudice against the Southern people, they are just what we would have been in their situation. If slavery did not exist among them they would not introduce it. If it did now exist among us we should not instantly give it up. When Southern people tell us they are no more responsible for slavery than we are, I acknowledge the fact. I surely will not blame them for not doing what I should not know how to do myself. If all earthly power were given me I should not know what to do with slavery."

Later in life Lincoln's vision as to the future of the Negro became clearer and he agreed with General Lee that the colored man must be set free and gradual colonization should be arranged.

Mr. Lincoln was nominated for President by the Republicans in 1860 because he was a conservative and not a radical.

<sup>3</sup> Like Lincoln, Lee "bore in his heart a cruel burden of sadness." Edward Breck, in *American Historical Review*, April, 1926, p. 550.

True, he had declared that a house divided against itself cannot stand. But he did not subscribe to Seward's statement of an irrepressible conflict. In 1852, in an oration on Henry Clay, Mr. Lincoln had made a prophetic statement: "Those abolitionists who would shiver into fragments the Union of these States," he said, "who would tear to tatters its now venerated constitution and even burn the last copy of the Bible rather than slavery should continue a single hour; together with all their more halting sympathizers, have received and are receiving their just execration." And then pausing, Mr. Lincoln went on to say that he would array the influence of Henry Clay against "a few but increasing number of men, who for the sake of perpetuating slavery, are beginning to assail and ridicule the white man's charter of freedom, the declaration that all men are created free and equal."

So, indeed, when Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, warned him against too much conservatism and advised him to come out and advocate the doctrine of abolition, "Old Abe" remarked: "Billy, you are too rampant and spontaneous."

Lincoln and Lee being nationally-minded, each was a full-blooded American and is now a part of a nation's life. Indeed, by a strange twist of fate Lincoln has become the hero of the South, Lee the hero of the North. It could not be otherwise. There was something about Lincoln essentially southern, a warm-heartedness, a fun-loving rowdiness; whereas the stately Lee more befitted the austerity of the northern climate.

Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, the aristocratic Chase, the showy McClellan, and others of the North observed a certain boorishness in Lincoln which they could not reconcile with true greatness. Surely Daniel Webster had no such characteristics! On the contrary the impulsive, generous South, except the aristocratic class who agreed with Governor Andrew, forgave Lincoln's exterior, looking into the depths of his universal heart.

No doubt there are today as many pictures of Lincoln as of Washington on the walls of southern public schools. Indeed, Mr. Lincoln's terse way of expressing himself, his epigrams and strange paradoxes, his wealth of anecdote, his use of

Bible imagery, his rare ability to size up a situation by some apt fable have made him a pattern of many southern writers and speakers. I have a friend of moderate means who lays out much of his modest surplus purchasing biographies, essays, anecdotes, photographs, anything and everything about "Old Abe"—particularly cherishing the horse-back picture of him, in tall beaver hat, reviewing the Union troops. And scarce an ambitious southern country boy studies law and removes to town but has Lincoln's speeches and addresses, costing five cents up, lying open on his desk. With a Lincoln style and a Lincoln joke, sometimes fortified with a faithful fiddle, many a southern boy has raised himself into the Senate or the Governor's mansion.

Like Lincoln, heedless of the value of a dollar, the South is spontaneous, emotional and always out for the grotesque; the North, like Lee, always reserved and caring little for the oddities and whimsicalities of life. The typical southerner is not a reading man, he is a speaking man; therefore a pat phrase, a telling story with even a dash of salt, a bit of repartee, he greatly relishes. His literary diet consists of Dr. Johnson, Randolph of Roanoke, and Abraham Lincoln. In Lincoln the southern man finds Mark Twain and Bill Arp, Aesop and Solomon, rolled into one—a combination which he has an idea overtops Webster or Edward Everett.

The flippant remark of Lincoln which so disgusted Colonel Sherman that he withdrew from Washington and "abandoned his idea of resuming a military life" would only have amused a fun loving southern colonel. In 1861 Colonel William T. Sherman, just in from Louisiana, had advised President Lincoln of the seriousness of the secession movement in the far South.

"Oh, we'll manage to keep house," was Lincoln's reply.

How the devil-me-care southern boy chuckles over "Old Abe's" first entrance into Springfield to settle down and practice law! Straggling into a store which chanced to be Joshua Speed's, young Lincoln wanted to buy enough furniture "to do" him. Speed and Lincoln figured close, but the

bill was high—\$17.00. Finally, Speed suggested he had a big room and a double bed upstairs over the store which he would share with Abe without cost. Abe with saddle bags in hand marches upstairs, deposits his belongings, and in a few minutes returns and says, "Speed, I'm moved." There is scarce a southern village without just such a waggish fellow today.

This droll fun, this subtle humor of Lincoln's, was it the southern side of him coming through his mother? "To my mother," said Lincoln, "I owe all I ever was"; with sorrow and yet with a certain confidence adding, "She was the natural daughter of a Virginia planter." Was Lincoln correct in believing that his mother was the natural daughter of a Virginia planter and that on this account "he had all those qualities that distinguished him from other members of his family?" Was Nancy Hanks, mother of Abraham Lincoln, the illegitimate daughter of a Virginia planter? In truth, was some great-hearted old Virginia gentleman the love-father of Nancy Hanks, the grandfather of America's greatest son?

Looking at the Civil War in retrospect it is seen that the humanitarian spirit of Lincoln and Lee permeated northern and southern armies alike. When certain southern "cruelties" were reported to Lincoln, shaking his head he wisely doubted and quoted the Bible, "Judge not that ye be not judged." To an irate Confederate Colonel counselling cruelty by way of retaliation to Grant's soldiers then held by General Lee, the noble Lee responded: "You are mistaken, Colonel, these prisoners are not General Grant's, they are *mine*."

How proud all Americans were when charges of cruelty and neglect in prison camps were disproved, when it was discovered from the records that the percentage of Union prisoners dying in southern prisons was a trifle smaller than of Confederate prisoners dying in northern prisons. This fact was due, no doubt, to the milder southern climate. As General Lee testified before the committee in Washington in 1866, "My orders were that the whole field should be treated alike."

Once, as Lee was riding over the field at Gettysburg, a Union soldier, desperately wounded, raised himself from the ground and recognizing the Confederate chieftain, in the agony of his soul, shouted out, "Hurrah for Abe Lincoln!" General Lee, riding up, dismounted and said: "My poor boy, can't I assist you in some way," tenderly placing a knapsack under his head.

Mercy, then, was the prayer of Lincoln and of Lee. More than once Lee urged Davis to compromise<sup>4</sup>—time and again Lincoln offered to do anything, everything for peace and a restored Union. Hear Lincoln at the last Cabinet meeting just before his death. "I hope there will be no persecutions," he said. "No bloody work after the war is over." Going on he added that none need expect him to take any part in the hanging or killing of these men, even the worst of them; enough lives had already been sacrificed. "Frighten them out of the country, let down the bars, scare them off," said he, throwing up his hands as if scaring sheep!

### III

From April, 1861, to April, 1865, Lincoln performed one of the most delicate and one of the most important services ever entrusted to a human being, that of saving the American Union. After Lincoln's election and the Secession of States that soon followed, the northern cry had been for peace or compromise. "Let the erring sisters go in peace," said Horace Greeley and many another lover of peace. Garrison, Lovejoy and sundry Abolitionists joined in the cry of disunion; "A happy riddance," they exclaimed. "We will have no union with slave holders—the Constitution is but a covenant with death and an agreement with Hell."

When scarcely seated in his new office as President, the Old Dominion proposed to remain out of the rebellion<sup>5</sup> if assured that the Virginia Resolves, allowing any state to secede at its pleasure, should become the fundamental law.

<sup>4</sup> Official Records, War of the Rebellion, Series I, Vol. 27, p. 880.

<sup>5</sup> In 1914 North Carolina by a large vote preferred the word "Rebellion" to "Civil War" or "War between the States" in her latest Constitution.

Mr. Lincoln standing almost alone, declined the offer and drew the issue sharply. "I am not riding for a fall," he said. He would not pay the price, even to hold North Carolina and Virginia in the Union; he was not willing that the Constitution should bear the seeds of its own destruction. Then came the Sumter affair and with a clear vision he issued his call for troops. North Carolina, Virginia, and other border states were unwilling to furnish troops to fight their southern brethren, and the Civil War soon followed.

Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, failing to grasp the situation, was for a do-nothing policy. He confidently predicted that the storm would soon blow over, urging Lincoln not to coerce the South but to leave her alone. New York City added to the confusion. She would become a free city like Venice and Florence in the Middle Ages and set up for herself; and so the voices of confusion grew loud till Lincoln spoke, declaring that the Union should be preserved. To this end he would placate and hold the border Union-loving states and win them back into the Union, one each month—Maryland one month, Kentucky another month, and Tennessee another.

Lincoln's greatest task was with England, whose attitude towards America at all times during the Civil War is one of the foulest blots in her history. Actuated by jealousy of the great Republic, England undoubtedly longed for its dismemberment. The Mason and Slidell affair greatly tested Mr. Lincoln's endurance. It will be remembered that Captain Wilkes of the United States Navy fired a shot across the bows of the English ship "Trent" and forcibly captured and removed Mason and Slidell, Confederate Commissioners on the way to London. The war-like North was delirious with joy, England retorted that unless Mason and Slidell were set free in a given time America must take the consequences. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, losing his head, joined in the war-like cry. But again Lincoln's wise voice was heard. "One war at the time," said he, and the storm blew over.

No portion of Lincoln's administration shows greater wisdom than his foreign policy. Mr. Lincoln was in constant communication with John Bright and the few other English friends of America. Well knowing that if the Confederacy was recognized by foreign countries its success was assured, Lincoln exerted every effort to explain to liberty-loving Englishmen that the Civil War was based on slavery. The following resolution prepared by Mr. Lincoln was passed over to Sumner, by whom it was forwarded to John Bright and the British Parliament:

"Whereas, while *heretofore*, States and Nations, have tolerated Slavery, *recently*, for the first time in the world, an attempt has been made to construct a new nation upon the basis of and with the primary and fundamental object to maintain, enlarge and perpetuate human slavery, therefore,

"Resolved that no such embryo State should ever be recognized by, or admitted into the family of Christian and civilized nations; And that all Christian and civilized men, everywhere, should, by all lawful means, resist to the utmost such recognition or admission."

Perhaps the most critical moment in the Nation's life was the summer of 1864—the year of the Presidential election. An election in the throes of an all-consuming war, was such a thing possible? Could war be fought and a political campaign be waged, at the same time?

Three years now had the Union armies been hammering away at Richmond; McDowell, McClellan, Burnside, Pope, Banks, Hooker, Meade—each had been defeated or checked by southern prowess. And yet Richmond stood uncaptured, no nearer a downfall in 1864 than in 1861; Grant's grinding fight to destroy Lee's army no more successful than McClellan's had been. The cry for peace started up again; the war was a failure. The National Democratic platform of 1864, upon which General McClellan stood as candidate for President, fiercely arraigned the Lincoln Administration; and behind that banner all the forces of disunion, discontent and failure had gathered. Greeley and the *New York Tribune*,



together with the *Nation*, raised the old cry, "Let the South go." The Union forces were war weary, hysteria prevailed; Lincoln must be defeated, he too was a failure. His friends even declared that he must not be re-nominated. Union delegations from New York, Maine and other states conferred and decided that Lincoln must go. The Wade-Davis Manifesto, issued by the "Vindictives," charged that Lincoln was a despot, that he was endeavoring to placate the South and to hold himself in power. To add to the confusion a new army must be conscripted, for Union ranks were depleted—more soldiers were needed, three hundred and fifty thousand of them. To enforce conscription in the midst of an election was unthinkable, it would utterly destroy Lincoln's chances to succeed himself. Urged by his managers not to enforce the conscription law but to wait until after the election in November Lincoln replied: "It little matters what becomes of me but it greatly matters what becomes of the Union." Standing resolute, therefore, and placing the Union above self or party, Lincoln rigidly enforced conscription. Then Atlanta fell; the southern blockade was made complete, the far South went to pieces, Dixie was split in twain by Sherman's troops; Sheridan ran Early out of the valley; Lincoln's wisdom was vindicated and the Union was saved.

#### IV

Now the greatness of both Lincoln and Lee, as I see it, is crowded into four or five short years. Before 1861 Mr. Lincoln was not a remarkable man, before 1865 General Lee was not a remarkable man. The greatness of Lincoln is that he saved the Union; the greatness of Lee is that he cemented it.

Prior to Appomattox there was no American nation, there was but a Confederation of States and the threat to secede was not infrequent, North as well as South. But for President Jackson in the thirties, South Carolina would have seceded. At an earlier date New England would have seceded rather than destroy her commerce by engaging in war with England; nearly every northern state of the original thirteen



had enacted nullification acts. Nationalizing America is the glory of Lincoln—a work so thoroughly done the Union is no longer a rope of sand, it has become a compact unit. Due to General Lee the South is not pinned to the Union with bayonets, as Poland was to Austria or Ireland to England.

God be praised great men were not always great—how could the average person survive such discouraging and long continued goodness? Jesus himself was great for only three years. Indeed, this teaching that in the child the hall-marks of future greatness are always cropping out in embryo is not only false but highly discouraging. Mr. Lincoln's life work began when he was chosen President—General Lee's, when he laid down the sword and became the wise, patient, considerate guide of a proud, haughty, resentful and war-like people.

In the Illinois Legislature Mr. Lincoln had made little impression; as a Congressman in 1847 he was equally unknown. Twice he had been defeated for the United States Senate, in 1854 by Trumbull, in 1858 by Douglass. As a debater, of course, he was the best rough and tumble specimen that ever mounted a stump—the Lincoln-Douglass debates undoubtedly holding the world record. But Mr. Lincoln did not find himself until he became President.

The suggestion that from the day the boy Lincoln saw certain negroes auctioned off at New Orleans, he laid plans "to hit the abominable thing" is pretty, but is it sustained by the facts? Could any humanitarian with such controlling idealism have been hired by a slave owner in an exciting legal contest to return a Negro mother and her little children to their master? And yet this Mr. Lincoln did. In 1847 in a circuit court of Illinois, he succeeded in winning a case for his client, General Matson of Kentucky, whereby Jane Bryant, a Negro mother, and her infant children were committed to jail till they could be transported to the master's home in Kentucky.\*

So human, so like every aspiring young lawyer, was Lincoln that he furnished funds to a delegate to the Chicago Con-

\* Stephenson's *Lincoln*, in the notes.

vention of 1860—a circumstance greatly shocking his English biographer's idea of propriety. When, indeed, he offered for the Senate against Trumbull he wrote personal appealing letters to various legislators soliciting support. When nominated for the presidency in 1860, Mr. Lincoln was but an available candidate, a "dark horse." He had already stated his position on slavery, agreeing to preserve the institution in the southern states and had won the denunciation from Garrison that he was "the slave hound of Illinois." Immortal as is the name of Lincoln, that immortality is crowded into four years.

So as to General Lee: one cannot think he was among the Immortals till Appomattox. A splendid colonel in the Mexican War, "the best officer in Mexico," said Scott. Brave, faithful soldier, citizen and Christian, but not yet supremely great. In the war, too, according to the critics, Lee's record was superior to all others. But it is not by this standard that Lee must be measured. The world does not crown its soldiers, unless fighting for freedom. By a plebiscite France agreed that Pasteur was immortal—passing over Napoleon, no doubt the greatest military genius of all time. General Lee is sublime not because of the Civil War, but in spite of it.

Let us again refer to those heart searching April days of 1861, after General Scott at Lincoln's request tendered Lee the command of the Union Army and Lee asked time to consider. Had Lee risen above state boundaries and agreed to lead the Union forces, would secession have blown up, as it did in 1833 when "Old Hickory" was President? Would the powerful influence of Lee have held back all the border states?<sup>7</sup> Indeed, the question is even deeper, affecting General Lee personally. Swinging out from the urge of loyalty to kith and kin, from the small concept of states' rights and the letter of the law, had Lee stood for the nation and for freedom, would he have been greater? Slavery, he had called a moral wrong, a social wrong, and yet he was championing it. "The foundation stone of the Confederacy," the Mississippi Confederate Constitution in substance had designated slavery.

<sup>7</sup> Fiske's *Mississippi Valley in the Civil War*, Ch. 1.

Indeed, such it was as there was practically no other quarrel at that time between the sections except slavery.

Pretermittin, therefore, any discussion of the constitutional right of secession—was there not a deeper question at issue: The stupendous folly of creating a slave empire?

True, all historians agree that in 1789 the Union of States could not have been formed but for a constitutional guarantee of slavery. But shall mere human laws and constitutions control a man of Lee's quality and caliber? In a matter of principle can one generation by statute or constitution, bind another—tie it hand and foot? That the South had a right, a legal right to secede is certainly an open question; that nominally General Lee in his choice of the Confederate side was within his legal rights, all will admit. But Lee—the *Immortal Lee*—must be weighed in no such golden scales. Lee was a man—not a rhetorician, not a mere logic chopper. And after Appomattox he played the man, every inch the man.

See Lee at Appomattox—see him in defeat. Astride "Traveller," his old war horse, for the last time he passes down the thin Confederate line and is greeted by the old Rebel yell; he stops, speaks to his men, tells them that he has got the best terms from General Grant he could, bids them go home and plant their crops and then adds: "Do your duty as citizens as you have always done as soldiers; remember, this is one country now." Then riding off into the Wilderness he and old Traveller spend the night *alone* under the Virginia sky, unwilling to stop at the home of any friend—his presence might breed trouble. In a day or two Lee reaches his family in Richmond. Since the Confederacy fell the city has been as a city of the dead; but with Lee's home-coming life revives, windows and doors which had been shut as in mourning were thrown open; General Lee has come home and all is well. Presently people call and begin to say hard things about Grant. He had been ungenerous, they declared.

"No, no," Lee replied, "General Grant has acted with great magnanimity."<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Page's *Lee*.

Judah P. Benjamin fled to Europe, Generals Beauregard, Mahone and others got into disfavor, Jefferson Davis wrote his *Vindication*, a thing of grouches and sore toes, but Lee went nowhere, wrote nothing—he needed no vindication. Virginia, his mother, had called and he had answered her call. That was all. In after years when this noble mother, Virginia, erected at Richmond a monument to this one of her sons, the range of human praise and compliment was reached in the inscription. Quiet and serene the southern hero is seated on old Traveller, one hand holding the reins, in the other his slouch hat—his majestic countenance beguiles all eyes, on the base one word—“*Lee*.”

## V

On a lovely day in the spring of 1922 thousands, hundreds of thousands, had gathered on the Mall at Washington. It was the day of the dedication of the Lincoln Memorial.

The white column in the distance pointing heavenward and typifying the Father of his Country seemed to bless the occasion; the National Capitol a little further away added its benediction. Just across the Potomac was Arlington, Lee's old home. Standing on the terrace of the Memorial one could almost drive a golf ball to the Lee estate. The President of the United States was there and also a former President. The eyes of thousands gazed upon the face of Robert Lincoln, a son of the martyred President, now old and infirm. Every heart was in tune with the occasion—a united country rejoiced to honor, to do homage to the martyred President. Words of high praise were spoken, patriotic music sounded. Presently the exercises ended, the crowds wended their way homeward, the bugle blew for taps, the sun set over the Virginia hills. Abraham Lincoln was left alone and yet I lingered—I could not tear myself away.

Twilight silently crept upon the earth. Then I looked about and, behold! as I gazed, I could discover in the distance a majestic figure drawing near and nearer. With dignity and stateliness it came—crossing the historic river as though it were empty of water. And now it moves toward the mauso-

leum and enters the door. It is Lee. The souls of Lincoln and Lee alone! They had never met before. Yet they knew each other and bowed. Lincoln first broke the silence.

"General Lee," said Lincoln rising from his seat, "I know why you have come and I fully agree with you."

"Mr. President," replied Lee, "I knew that you would understand."

"It shall be done; done at once, General Lee," said Lincoln. "They stole a march on me, General, took advantage of my absence, so to speak."

"Mr. President," replied Lee, "you place me under obligation; foreigners to our shores would not understand your meaning—"

"And deeper than that, General," Lincoln interrupted, "the sentiment is not just to your noble people nor to you—I acknowledge the corn, I overspoke myself. But you must admit, General, you were hammering the stuffing out of us about that time."

And the melancholy face of America's great President lighted with a smile while the noblest gentleman of God's footstool, bowing a stately bow, wended his way to Arlington.

Soon thereafter those words of the second inaugural referring to the "wealth piled up for one hundred years by the bondsman's years of unrequited toil," and declaring that if necessary all this wealth "should be sunk and that every drop of blood drawn with the lash should be paid by another drawn by the sword," these war-time words were carefully removed from the walls of the Lincoln National Memorial, and in their place these other and more glorious words substituted:

*"The mystic cords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."*

## CAVALIER AND INDENTURED SERVANT IN VIRGINIA FICTION

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### I

IF WE OMIT the Pocahontas story, the novels which deal with Colonial Virginia represent two well defined traditions, the English and the Virginian. The English view of Virginia is found in the writings of Mrs. Aphra Behn and Daniel Defoe, whose picture resembles that found in many Elizabethan plays. Their Virginia is the haven of the criminal and the indentured servant. The Virginian tradition is the very antithesis of all this. Caruthers and Mary Johnston describe the Virginia of the Cavaliers. Neither group, as it happens, gives a true picture of Colonial Virginia; but since Mrs. Behn and Defoe were writing about the Virginia of their own day, their picture is perhaps the truer of the two. At any rate, they serve to correct the picture of romantic Virginia novelists who saw colonial life very dimly through the mist of legend and tradition. In the Virginian view the indentured servants have practically disappeared, while the Cavaliers have grown to enormous numbers.

The actual number of Cavaliers that settled in Virginia is variously estimated by present-day historians. The two who have most thoroughly studied the question do not agree in their interpretation of the rather meager evidence. Philip Alexander Bruce thinks their numbers considerable and their influence very great.<sup>1</sup> But, as Professor Frederick J. Turner has pointed out,<sup>2</sup> there were only forty-three Virginia families who possessed the legal right to a coat-of-arms. In his *Patrician and Plebeian in Virginia*, Professor Wertenbaker contends that the aristocracy of Colonial Virginia was de-

<sup>1</sup> Bruce, *Social Life of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century*, pp. 30-31, 79 ff.

<sup>2</sup> *American Historical Review*, Vol. XIII, p. 610.

scended mainly from the merchant class and that the number of Cavaliers who came to Virginia was negligible.<sup>3</sup> Bruce also admits that "perhaps the most important section of the higher planting class . . . were the families sprung directly from English merchants."<sup>4</sup> Wertenbaker's position is endorsed by William E. Dodd,<sup>5</sup> by E. A. Ross,<sup>6</sup> and by Julia A. Flish.<sup>7</sup> "The aristocratic character of Virginian society," says Wertenbaker, "was the result of development within the colony. It proceeded from economic, political and social causes. On its economic side it was built up by the system of large plantations, by the necessity for indentured or slave labor, by the direct trade with England; politically it was engendered by the lack of a vigorous middle class in the first half of the 17th century, and was sustained by the method of appointment to office; on its social side it was fostered by the increasing wealth of the planters and by the ideal of the English gentleman."<sup>8</sup> Arthur Granville Bradley, an intelligent English student of Virginia life and history, wrote in 1884: "There is nothing in the earlier records of the colony, in the names of the first settlers, to lead one to suppose that the colonial aristocracy which arose with the development of the country and the adoption of negro slavery, was of any other than colonial manufacture."<sup>9</sup> As to the importance of the Cavalier element, perhaps Professor John Spencer Bassett's conclusion is the most just: "They were not numerous, as compared with the older population, but they had an influence out of proportion to their numbers. They gave manners a warmer tone; they emphasized the ideal of country life; they gave Virginians their passion for handsome houses and fast horses; and they gave public life something more

<sup>3</sup> Wertenbaker, *Patrician and Plebeian in Virginia*, pp. 1-3, 20 ff.

<sup>4</sup> *Social Life of Virginia*, p. 83.

<sup>5</sup> *American Historical Review*, Vol. XVI, p. 168.

<sup>6</sup> *Century Magazine*, Vol. LXXXVII, p. 713.

<sup>7</sup> *Report of the American Historical Association*, 1908, Vol. 1, p. 135.

<sup>8</sup> *Patrician and Plebeian in Virginia*, p. 1.

<sup>9</sup> *Macmillan's Magazine*, Vol. II, p. 344.



than it had before of the English notion that offices should be held for the benefit of the gentry."<sup>10</sup>

Whatever the actual numbers of the Cavaliers, nothing is clearer than that both their numbers and their social standing have been enormously exaggerated. I have arranged in chronological order some quotations which show clearly that both the number and the quality of the Cavalier immigrants have been misconceived. Sir Josiah Child, writing before 1670, says: "Many of them [the Cavalier soldiers] betook themselves to the aforesaid *Plantations* [Virginia and the Barbadoes]."<sup>11</sup> Clarendon says: "Many persons of condition and good officers in the war had transported themselves [to Virginia] with all the estates they had been able to preserve."<sup>12</sup> In 1701 Governor Nicholson said: "In the Civil War several gentlemen of quality fled hither."<sup>13</sup> In 1708 Oldmixon wrote, "Several Royalists remov'd thither." He adds: "Many Gentlemen of *Virginia* may boast as good Descents as those in *England*: But there's no need as yet of an Herauld-Office to be set up at *James-Town*."<sup>14</sup> Beverly says: "Several good Cavalier Families went thither with their effects."<sup>15</sup> Hugh Jones writes in 1724: "This safe Receptacle enticed over several *Cavalier Families*."<sup>16</sup>

It will be noted that Oldmixon and the three Virginians, who should know best, all use the adjective "several," which certainly does not imply the wholesale migration that was later supposed to have occurred. The *Virginia Gazette* for March 11, 1737, states that Sir John Randolph's father "resolved (as many other *Cavaliers* did) to take his Fortune in this Part of the World."<sup>17</sup> Lord Adam Gordon, who visited Virginia in 1764, wrote: "The first Settlers were

<sup>10</sup> Bassett, *The Writings of William Byrd* (1910), p. xi. Wertenbaker's whole thesis is to be found in Bassett. See p. ix.

<sup>11</sup> Child, *A New Discourse of Trade* (1694), p. 184. Child has even more to say of less desirable emigrants from England.

<sup>12</sup> Quoted in Stanard, *Colonial Virginia*, p. 49.

<sup>13</sup> Quoted in Bassett, *The Writings of William Byrd*, p. xii.

<sup>14</sup> Oldmixon, *British Empire in America* (1708), p. 289.

<sup>15</sup> Beverley, *History of Virginia* (1722), p. 249.

<sup>16</sup> Jones, *The Present State of Virginia* (1724), p. 23.

<sup>17</sup> Quoted in the *Virginia Historical Register* for 1851, p. 139.



many of them younger Brothers of good Families, in England."<sup>18</sup> Writing about the time of the American Revolution, the British historian Robertson, says: "Many adherents to the royal party, and among these some gentlemen of good families . . . resorted thither."<sup>19</sup>

After the American Revolution the numbers of the Cavaliers, in popular estimation, increase very rapidly; and the fact that by no means all of the Cavaliers belonged to the gentry is soon entirely forgotten. The increase is particularly noticeable in the eighteen-thirties. This is the time of Virginia's political and social reaction against democracy. It is the time of Scott's greatest popularity and of the novels of Caruthers, who introduced the Virginia Cavalier into fiction. The phrase "Southern chivalry," unknown in the Colonial period, now came into use.<sup>20</sup> In 1804 John Marshall refers to "the great number of cavaliers, who, after the total defeat of their party in England, fled for refuge and safety to Virginia."<sup>21</sup> John Daly Burke was too good a democrat to wish to magnify their numbers, yet even he says: "The vigilant and severe government of the Protector, had compelled the cavaliers to resort in crowds to Virginia."<sup>22</sup> John Pendleton Kennedy writes, "Her [Virginia's] early population . . . consisted of gentlemen of good name and condition."<sup>23</sup> Caruthers' *Cavaliers of Virginia* (1834-35) and *Knights of the Horse-Shoe* (1845) mark the first literary treatment of the Virginia Cavaliers. Caruthers sees in them "the first founders of the aristocracy . . . the immediate ancestors of that generous, fox-hunting, wine-drinking, duelling and reckless race of men, which gives so distinct a character to Virginians wherever they may be found."<sup>24</sup> He

<sup>18</sup> Mereness, *Travels in the American Colonies*, p. 404.

<sup>19</sup> Robertson, *Works* (1822), Vol. XI, p. 230. Robertson, repeating the legend which Beverley seems to have first recorded, gives the Cavaliers the chief credit for proclaiming Charles II king in Virginia before the Restoration in England.

<sup>20</sup> Eckenrode, "Sir Walter Scott and the South," *North American Review*, Vol. CCVI, pp. 601-602.

<sup>21</sup> Marshall, *Life of Washington*, Vol. I, p. 77.

<sup>22</sup> Burke, *History of Virginia*, Vol. II, p. 114.

<sup>23</sup> Kennedy, *Swallow Barn*, chap. 7.

<sup>24</sup> *The Cavaliers of Virginia*, Vol. I, p. 4.

even turns Bacon's ragamuffin army into Cavaliers. Bancroft, stretching the language of Clarendon, says: "Many of the recent emigrants had been royalists in England, good officers in the war, men of education, of property, and of condition."<sup>25</sup> In 1836 Dr. Hawks writes: "Hundreds of the cavaliers sought and found refuge within her [Virginia's] borders."<sup>26</sup> In 1849 James Kirke Paulding writes: "It [Virginia] was, as everybody knows, originally settled by Cavaliers."<sup>27</sup> In 1859 Rives, the biographer of Madison, writes: "Down to the period of the Restoration . . . the great mass of the emigration from England to Virginia must have been, as unquestionable historical proofs show that it was, of the Cavalier strain."<sup>28</sup>

Against this tendency to exaggeration there were, even in ante-bellum Virginia, occasional protests. Bishop Meade, who knew something of Virginia genealogy, thought the number of Cavaliers not large enough "to make an impression on the Virginian character."<sup>29</sup> In 1855 Hugh Blair Grigsby, in the midst of an oration upon the Virginia statesmen of the Revolution, indignantly spurned the "outrageous calumny" of a Cavalier ancestry. He denounced the Cavalier as "essentially a slave—a compound slave—a slave to the king and a slave to the church." "Sir, I look with contempt," he said, "on that miserable figment, which has so long held a place in our histories, which seeks to trace the distinguishing and salient points of the Virginia character to the influence of those butterflies of the British aristocracy."<sup>30</sup>

In the final stage of the tradition Southerners in all the states became the descendants of the Cavaliers. In 1860 Senator Toombs, of Georgia, is reported to have said, "We [of the South] are a race of gentlemen." Northerners quite naturally resented such epithets as "low-born shop-keepers,"

<sup>25</sup>Bancroft, *History of the United States*, ninth edition (1842), Vol. I, p. 232.

<sup>26</sup>Hawks, *Ecclesiastical History of the United States* (1836), Vol. I, p. 56.

<sup>27</sup>Paulding, *The Puritan and his Daughter*, Vol. II, p. 96.

<sup>28</sup>Rives, *James Madison*, Vol. II, p. 78.

<sup>29</sup>Meade, *Old Churches, Ministers and Families of Virginia* (1878), Vol. I, p. 189, note.

<sup>30</sup>Grigsby, *The Virginia Convention of 1776* (1855), p. 37.

which Southerners freely bestowed upon them, and retorted in no kindly manner that the Virginians were the descendants of criminals. "Not one-tenth certainly, probably not one-thousandth, of the fathers of Virginia were of gentle blood," said Olmsted. "The majority of them," he adds, "were sold and bought as laborers."<sup>21</sup> Even as late as 1864 so widespread was the northern belief in the Cavalier tradition that Charles Sumner devoted over one-fourth of a long political speech to a learned attempt to prove that the Virginians were in reality the descendants of convict servants of very disreputable character.<sup>22</sup>

The Civil War inevitably suggested the old contrast of Puritan and Cavalier. In southern war poetry "Cavalier" and "knightly" are epithets of frequent occurrence. Arthur Granville Bradley, who came to live in Virginia soon after the close of the Civil War, says: "A legend exists among the more uninformed circles of modern Virginia, that quite a considerable portion of the population are, in some mysterious fashion, sprung from the loins of the 'British Nobility.'"<sup>23</sup> The later Virginian writers we need not notice in detail. It should be stated, however, that John Esten Cooke's *Virginia*, a popular source for the novelists, continues the tradition undiminished.

The most amazing proof of the power of the tradition is found in the manner in which it impressed itself upon British travelers. G. P. R. James wrote in 1858: "The Virginians, sprung for the most part from the old Cavaliers, retain the more frank and profuse spirit of their race."<sup>24</sup> Thackeray embodied the tradition in *The Virginians* (1857-58).<sup>25</sup> As late as 1883 Matthew Arnold wrote from Richmond: "Virginia . . . was colonised not by the Puritans, but by English gentry."<sup>26</sup> In fact, it was probably the Cavalier

<sup>21</sup> Olmsted, *Journey in the Seaboard Slave States* (1904 edition), Vol. I, p. 203.

<sup>22</sup> *Works of Charles Sumner* (1874), Vol. IX, pp. 99-108.

<sup>23</sup> Bradley, *Sketches from Old Virginia* (1897), p. 4.

<sup>24</sup> *Knickerbocker Magazine*, Vol. LII, p. 272.

<sup>25</sup> See Vol. I, ch. 3; Vol. II, ch. 41.

<sup>26</sup> G. E. W. Russell, *Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848-88*, Vol. II, p. 284. Other travelers who record the tradition are Weld, Chevalier, Power, Cunynghame, Chambers, and Day.

tradition as much as anything else that gave the English their sympathy for the Confederate cause. In 1884 Bradley wrote: "Every one will remember the vulgar notion with which a certain portion of the English public, during the American civil war, became impregnated, namely, that the South was a nation of gentlemen in the social sense, fighting against hordes of *canaille*."<sup>37</sup>

In the histories, as the numbers of the Cavaliers increase, the numbers of the indentured servants decline. Until some time after the Civil War almost all the post-Revolutionary historians omit all mention of them. In 1786 Jefferson estimated that not over two thousand in all came to Virginia.<sup>38</sup> How far the number had declined by Jefferson's time is shown by the fact that more recent historians have reminded us that soon after the Restoration Governor Berkeley estimated that there were already six thousand in the colony, and said that they were still coming over at the rate of fifteen hundred a year.<sup>39</sup>

Possibly there is even today a tendency to overemphasize the fact that, judged by modern standards, there were few actual criminals among them. "They were a wretched lot at all times," writes an English historian.<sup>40</sup> Undoubtedly, however, only the hardest of them survived the severe sifting of colonial life.

In fiction the rôle of the indentured servant is a peculiar one. In early English drama and fiction he appears as the typical Virginian.<sup>41</sup> In American fiction he was ignored until Mary Johnston in *Prisoners of Hope* (1898) showed that he might be a hero and a gentleman, even though he was a convict.

<sup>37</sup> *Macmillan's Magazine*, Vol. XLIX, p. 342.

<sup>38</sup> Ford, *The Writings of Thomas Jefferson*, Vol. IV, p. 158.

<sup>39</sup> Bruce, *Economic History of Virginia*, Vol. I, p. 610.

<sup>40</sup> Besant, *London in the Eighteenth Century*, p. 557.

<sup>41</sup> The *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, Vol. VI, pp. 228-229, points out that the story of Lord Altham's son, James Annesly, who was kidnaped and sent to Pennsylvania in 1728, appears in Smollett's *Peregrine Pickle*, Scott's *Guy Mannering*, and Charles Reade's *Wandering Heir*. We might add that Mrs. Glass, the tobacconist in *The Heart of Midlothian*, proposes to send Effie Deans to her Virginia correspondent, Ephraim Buckskin, Esq., who had left with her a standing order for a wife.

## II

Mrs. Aphra Behn's *The Widow Ranter*, first acted in 1690, the year after her death, is a curious mixture of comedy, tragedy, and romance. It is primarily a satire on colonial self-government. The story of Nathaniel Bacon's love for the Indian queen Semernia supplies a romantic motive, and their deaths furnish a tragic conclusion.<sup>42</sup> Few of the incidents or characters bear any resemblance to those of history. Bacon is the typical romantic hero, "generous, brave, resolv'd and daring." His only crime is "serving his Country without Authority." The tragic motive is found in Bacon's love for the Indian queen, in whose bosom duty and love contend for mastery. Failing to recognize her in disguise, Bacon kills her in battle and takes poison. The Indians have nothing of the savage about them. They speak the language of English lords and ladies; they consult an oracle in a temple, like the Greeks; and they fight their enemies with sword and battleaxe. They are ideal creations like Oroonoko and Imoinda.

The comic scenes of the play, some of them very coarse, are concerned chiefly with the members of the Council, who are as rascally, cowardly, and ignorant a set of men as ever breathed. "For want of a Governour," says Friendly, "we are ruled by a Council, some of whom have been perhaps transported Criminals, who having acquired great Estates, are now become your Honour and Right Worshipful, and possess all Places of Authority." One has been a tinker, another a "broken Excise-Man," a third a pickpocket; Parson Duncie has been a farrier. They refuse Bacon his commission through sheer malice, and they even try to assassinate him. The following is a fair example of their deliberations in Council, which are held around a bowl of punch:

*Whiff.* Brothers, it hath often been mov'd at the Bench, that a new Punch-Bowl shou'd be provided, and one of a larger Circumfer-

<sup>42</sup> According to Montague Summers, the source of the historical incidents of the play is a rare pamphlet, *Strange News from Virginia*. . . . London, 1677. See Summers, *Works of Aphra Behn*, Vol. IV, p. 218.

ence; when the Bench sits late about weighty Affairs, oftentimes the Bowl is emptied before we end.

*Whimsey.* A good Motion; Clerk, set it down.

*Clerk.* Mr. Justice *Boozer*, the Council has order'd you a Writ of Ease, and dismiss your Worship from the Bench.

*Boozer.* Me from the Bench, for what?

*Whimsey.* The Complaint is, Brother *Boozer*, for drinking too much Punch in time of hearing Tryals.

*Whiff.* And that you can neither write nor read, nor say the Lord's Prayer.

*Boozer.* Why, Brother, though I can't read my self, I have had *Dalton's Country-Justice* read over to me two or three times, and understand the Law. This is your Malice, Brother *Whiff*, because my Wife does not come to your Warehouse to buy her Commodities,—but no matter, to show I have no Malice in my Heart, I drink your Health.<sup>43</sup>

Nevertheless, Mrs. Behn does not think Virginia hopelessly bad. "This country wants nothing," says Friendly, "but to be peopled with a well-born Race, to make it one of the best Colonies in the World." We learn that Surelove, "a *Leicestershire* younger Brother, came over with a small Fortune, which his Industry has increas'd to a thousand Pounds a year; and he is now Colonel *John Surelove*, and one of the Council." Hazard, another younger brother, after squandering his fortune, comes to Virginia saying, "I had rather starve abroad, than live pity'd and despis'd at home." In Virginia he manages to win a fortune by marrying Surelove's widow. The Virginia women have nothing in common with Mary Johnston's heroines. The Widow herself, a wealthy, buxom virago, who smokes and drinks, is "a Woman bought from the ship by old Colonel *Ranter*; she served him half a Year, and then he marry'd her, and dying in a Year more, left her worth fifty thousand Pounds Sterling, besides Plate and Jewels: She's a great Gallant, but assuming the humour of the Country Gentry, her Extravagancy is very pleasant, she retains something of her primitive Quality still, but is good-natur'd and generous."

The indentured servant plays a part in Defoe's *Moll Flanders* and *Colonel Jacques*, both published in 1722. It is possible that Defoe's interest in Virginia is explained by the

<sup>43</sup> *The Widow Ranter*, act 3, scene 1.

story of his niece, Elizabeth Maxwell, as told by Mrs. Mary E. Ireland.<sup>44</sup> In 1718 Elizabeth, at the age of eighteen, left home for America because her mother had made her break off her engagement with a man whose name is unknown. Being without money, she arranged with the ship's captain to be sold on her arrival in Philadelphia to pay for her passage. She was sold to a planter from Cecil County, Maryland. She later married the son of her master and wrote to her mother and uncle. Mrs. Ireland adds: "A letter came from her uncle, stating that her mother was dead, and that a large property, in addition to her mother's furniture, had been left to her by will in case she were ever found alive."<sup>45</sup>

There is a difficulty in dates. Mrs. Ireland states that Defoe knew nothing of the fate of his niece until 1725, three years after the publication of the two novels. Mrs. Ireland's story, which she claims to have got from the Maryland descendants of Elizabeth Maxwell, is full of errors in regard to Defoe. Professor W. P. Trent, the best authority on Defoe, is inclined to reject the story altogether; but the similarity of Elizabeth Maxwell's story to those of *Moll Flanders* and *Colonel Jacque* tempts one to hope that new evidence will be found for it. Although Defoe, of course, does not portray his niece in *Moll Flanders*, the story of Elizabeth Maxwell would explain Defoe's interest in Virginia.

Defoe's reason for bringing his two notorious rogues to Virginia is perfectly plain. His favorite solution of the pauper and criminal problem was to send such people to the colonies, where they would have a second chance. "In a word," says Colonel Jacque, "every Newgate wretch, every desperate forlorn creature, the most despicable ruined man in the world, has here a fair opportunity put into his hands to begin the world again, and that upon a foot of certain gain and in a method exactly honest, with a reputation that nothing past will have any effect upon; and innumerable people have raised themselves from the worst circumstances

<sup>44</sup> Mary E. Ireland, "The Defoe Family in America," *Scribner's Monthly*, May, 1876.

<sup>45</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 62.



in the world—namely, from the cells in Newgate.”<sup>46</sup> Mrs. Behn had already pointed out that it was vastly easier for the unfortunate to rehabilitate themselves in Virginia than in England. “Many men,” says Philip Alexander Bruce, “who began in this humble character accumulated, after the close of their terms, good estates, exercised wide influence and even filled important offices.”<sup>47</sup>

Moll’s mother, a transported criminal, tells her how it is possible for the penniless jailbird to establish himself as a farmer in Virginia:

“When they come here,” says she, “we make no difference; the planters buy them, and they work together in the field, till their time is out. When ’tis expired,” said she, “they have encouragement given them to plant for themselves; for they have a certain number of acres allotted them by the country, and they go to work to clear and cure the land, and then to plant it with tobacco and corn for their own use; and as the merchants will trust them with tools and necessities, upon the credit of their crop before it is grown, so they again plant every year a little more than the year before, and so buy whatever they want with the crop that is before them. Hence, child,” says she, “many a Newgate-bird becomes a great man, and we have,” continued she, “several justices of the peace, officers of the trained bands, and magistrates of the towns they live in, that have been burnt in the hand.”<sup>48</sup>

The story of Moll Flanders, however, gives only a poor illustration of the feasibility of Defoe’s scheme. After a disreputable early life, Moll captures a third husband in the person of a Virginia merchant-planter, who, by the way, is nothing of the traditional Cavalier; and she comes to Virginia to live with him. On discovering that he is her half-brother, she returns to England. There she becomes a thief; but after twelve years of good luck, she is caught and sent back to Virginia as an indentured servant. With the help of her fourth husband, she obtains her freedom the very day she lands in Virginia; and they buy an estate on the Chesapeake Bay and live in ease and plenty until they decide to return to England. It should be noted, however, that Moll’s prosperity in Virginia is due solely to a bequest from her

<sup>46</sup> Defoe, *Colonel Jacque*, Aitken edition, Vol. I, p. 178.

<sup>47</sup> *The South in the Building of the Nation*, Vol. I, p. 59.

<sup>48</sup> Defoe, *Moll Flanders*, Aitken edition, Vol. I, p. 85.



mother and to the profits of her years of thieving. Defoe seems to have perceived the weakness of his plot; and accordingly he undertook in another story—this time with a man as leading character—to show what a social outcast might make of himself in Virginia.

In *Colonel Jacque*, published eleven months after the earlier story, we have as hero a sort of male counterpart of Moll Flanders. Jack, the illegitimate son of an English gentleman, has become a pickpocket before he is old enough to know the wrong of stealing. When he grows up, he resolves to reform and live honestly, as a gentleman should. He goes to Scotland and enlists as a soldier, but deserts when he finds that the army is actually going into a campaign. At Newcastle, while seeking passage to London, he is kidnaped, carried to Virginia, and sold to a planter. Here he again resolves to reform. In a short time he is made an overseer. At the end of three years his master gives him his liberty and assists him to start a plantation of his own. In a few years Jack has acquired three plantations and a hundred servants and slaves. His various military and marital adventures in Europe and his trading experiences in Spanish America need not detain us here. It is sufficient to note that Jack's success in Virginia enables him to return to England and pass as a prosperous merchant. Unlike Moll Flanders, Jack owes his success solely to his own honesty, intelligence, and industry, for the money which he laid up while a pickpocket is lost at sea.

Defoe, who is astonishingly modern in many of his ideas, had a second motive in shifting the scene of *Colonel Jacque* to Virginia. He wished to institute a reform in the treatment of slaves in the colonies. As an overseer, Jack discovers that even the worst of the negro slaves may be "brought to a compliance without the lash." "It is certainly wrong, sir," he tells his master; "it is not only wrong as it is barbarous and cruel; but it is wrong, too, as it is the worst way of managing and of having your business done."<sup>40</sup> Defoe de-

<sup>40</sup> Defoe, *Colonel Jacque*, Aitken edition, Vol. I, p. 168.

votes over twenty pages to the explanation of his own system of management, which turns upon arousing the slave's feeling of gratitude for mercy shown him when he knows that he ought to be punished.

The Virginia scenes of both novels lack many of the realistic details which we find in the English background. Defoe describes his American setting only in the most general terms, but his Virginia scenes are surprisingly free from error. Once, however, he makes the curious blunder of placing the Rappahannock east of the Potomac. His knowledge of the legal status of the indentured servant is correct, apparently, even in minute details. Defoe's chief error lies in his failure to make any social distinction whatever between freedmen and other classes. Indentured servants who had served their time lived chiefly not among the wealthy planters but on the frontier.

### III

The first American novelist to introduce the Virginia Cavalier into fiction was Dr. William Alexander Caruthers. He is preëminently the ante-bellum novelist of Colonial Virginia, as Mary Johnston is for later times. His novels were modeled on those of Scott. He was less successful than either Cooper or Simms in adapting Scott's formula to his American materials. His Cavalier gentlemen and ladies serve well enough in place of their British prototypes; but it is not easy to see why he should mar his picture of Virginia life with absurd mysteries and melodramatic villains, or distort history unblushingly. In *The Cavaliers of Virginia* (1834-35) hardly a single historical character or incident is recognizable as such. Bacon's men are not small farmers and frontiersmen, but Cavaliers. The Cavaliers, in fact, are everywhere. With a mystery over his birth, Bacon enters the story as an unmarried Cavalier of twenty-one. The story ends not with his death but with his marriage to a fictitious heroine and a complete triumph over his enemies. If Caruthers had told the story of Pocahontas, doubtless he would have defied the historians and married her to Captain John Smith.

His *Knights of the Horse-Shoe* (1845), though a better novel, betrays the same disregard for historical fact. Again we have the mystery which enshrouds the hero, and again we have the beautiful wooden heroine, as lifeless as any of Cooper's. Here, too, we have the impossible villain, who bears of all Virginian names the least appropriate, Harry Lee. Caruthers's narrative style, however, is often good; and his picture of Virginia life is in many ways well done. Spotswood, as the planter baron, is decidedly well portrayed. The rest of the "cocked-hat gentry" are lifeless. Though not the first to employ negro dialect, Caruthers was one of the first to perceive its literary value. Far more successful is his use of the dialect of the poor whites of the mountains in Jarvis, a humorous, unromantic Leather-Stocking. The dialect, however, does not suggest Cooper; and Caruthers himself tells us that Jarvis is the portrait of a Virginia mountaineer whom he had known.

Miss Mary Johnston's plots are quite as sensational as Caruthers', quite as full of mysteries and melodramatic incidents. Her Virginia background is unreal, and this in spite of her accurate use of many historical details of dress and manners. Her knowledge of history serves only to make her unreal world seem plausible to the critical reader. Everything is idealized; even the scenery takes on a tropical richness of coloring. Her Virginia is "the land of good eating, good drinking, good fighting, stout men, and pretty women." "Virginia is God's country." "'Tis the garden of the world."<sup>50</sup> Her Virginia is the Utopia of melodramatic romance. It is essentially inferior to the Arcadian land of Thomas Nelson Page.

At the same time one must give Miss Johnston credit for her excellences. Her ability to tell a thrilling story of adventure cannot be denied. Though few of her characters possess flesh and blood, her types are often well chosen and sometimes strikingly portrayed. More than any other Virginia novelist, she appreciates the value in fiction of southern class

<sup>50</sup> All these quotations are from her first novel, *Prisoners of Hope* (1898).

distinctions. In fact, her plots often turn upon the social barrier between classes. In *Audrey* (1902) the planter hero attempts to defy social opinion by taking a poor orphan girl of the mountains to the Governor's ball. Miss Johnston was the first Virginia novelist to see the value of the indentured servant as a character in fiction. The hero of her first novel, *Prisoners of Hope* (1898), is a convict. An examination of this romance will not only serve to illustrate the type of fiction which she wrote in her early career, but will also show how widely the Virginian tradition differs from the English, even when both are dealing with the indentured servant.

The historical incident about which *Prisoners of Hope* is built is the little known Oliverian Plot, the attempt of some four hundred of Cromwell's old soldiers, sent to Virginia as indentured servants, to free the slaves and seize the government. The incident offers Miss Johnston an opportunity to use the traditional contrast of Puritan and Cavalier in a new setting. The most conspicuous of the Virginia Cavaliers is Coloney Verney, of "Verney Manor." He is "trader, planter, magistrate, member of the council of state, soldier, author on occasion, and fine gentlemen all rolled into one, after the fashion of the times."<sup>61</sup> His kinsman, Sir Charles Carew, a Cavalier from the court of Charles II, is in love with Colonel Verney's daughter, who bears the apt name of Patricia. This beauty is the incarnation of aristocratic loveliness and pride. She has no pity for the unfortunate servants, whose hard lot Miss Johnston, unlike Defoe, pictures as that of the most cruel slavery. Most of the servants she represents as hopelessly ignorant and degraded. A striking exception is Godfrey Landless, her hero. Landless is a Roundhead soldier and gentleman who has been condemned to lifelong servitude in Virginia. The motive for the tragic ending of the love story is as well founded as that of *Romeo and Juliet*. When Landless falls in love with Patricia, she has only contempt for him as a social inferior. Her scorn and his hard lot finally drive him into the conspiracy of the Oliverians. On

<sup>61</sup> *Prisoners of Hope*, p. 16.

learning, however, that a mulatto leader of the conspirators is plotting to call in the Indians and murder the whites, Landless deserts them and fights to defend his mistress against the savages. When she is carried off by the Indians, Landless and an Indian friend, whose life he has saved, pursue them and rescue her, after the fashion of Hawkeye and Uncas. But a price has been set upon his head, and he dares not return to the settlements. After a dramatic farewell, Patricia, vowing she will never love another, goes home with her father, while Landless, with a broken ankle, is left alone in the mountains, choosing to take his chances there rather than trust himself in the hands of Governor Berkeley.

Miss Johnston's stories have had a considerable influence upon many of the later stories that deal with Virginia. She gave the Colonial background its greatest notoriety. But instead of examining the many half-forgotten novels by American authors that deal with Virginia, I wish to discuss very briefly two British novelists who have been attracted to the Colonial background by Miss Johnston's success.

#### IV

By a curious coincidence, the next British novelist after Defoe—if we omit Thackeray's *The Virginians*, which deals with a later period—was John Masefield. Perhaps it was the example of Defoe, whom he had edited the year before he published *Lost Endeavour* (1910), that attracted Masefield to Virginia. But this novel and the later *Captain Margaret* (1916) recall *Treasure Island* oftener than *Colonel Jacque*. Neither of these works reveals the powerful imagination which Masefield has recently shown in *Sard Harker*. In both *Lost Endeavour* and *Captain Margaret* Colonial Virginia is only a half-way station on the route to the Spanish Main. The leading characters in each story stop in Virginia on their way to Spanish America in quest of treasure and adventure. The hero of *Lost Endeavour* is kidnaped and sold to a planter in Accomac County. Two years later he is rescued by a fellow-servant who has taken to smuggling. After a stirring fight

with the Indians and a chase in the Chesapeake by a government frigate, both in Cooper's manner, the story leaves Virginia. The background in both novels is extremely hazy and, wherever definitely described, usually inaccurate. For instance, the Virginians, Masefield tells us, "had no wines. . . . They did not play cards. They would often ride forty miles to a prayer-meeting in a wood."<sup>52</sup> This is not Virginia, but Massachusetts.

John Buchan's *Salute to Adventurers* (1917) is perhaps, on the whole, the best story of adventure laid in Colonial Virginia. The background is the Virginia of about 1690, the period described by Defoe and Masefield; but Mr. Buchan's model is Mary Johnston. The net effect, however, is rather original, for though all the old elements of colonial romance are here—pirates, Indians, duels, haughty aristocrats, proud and beautiful heroines—the novelist handles them all with a fresh and skilful touch. The most original and effective figure is Muckle John Gib, a religious fanatic who, when sent to Virginia as an indentured servant, breaks away, flees to the mountains, and heads a tremendous Indian confederation whose object is the utter destruction of the colony.<sup>53</sup> The hero is a fighting Scotch merchant who thwarts Gib's designs. The historical setting is more accurate than that of most other colonial novels. There are good satiric descriptions of the indolent, conservative Virginia planters, who despise the merchant as a "shopkeeper" until he has shown them that he can fight as well as he can trade.<sup>54</sup>

"In all current literature," says A. G. Bradley, "there is nothing more remarkable than the way in which writers have unconsciously conspired to over-idealise Virginia."<sup>55</sup> The

<sup>52</sup> *Captain Margaret*, p. 204.

<sup>53</sup> Following a hint of the author, I have found that Patrick Walker mentions certain fanatical Scotch ministers who were ordered to be sent to Virginia. None of them, however, seems to have gone there. Gib's role as an Indian chieftain appears to be wholly original. See Patrick Walker, *Some Select Passages of the Lives of Mr. Peden*. . . . London, 1783.

<sup>54</sup> The Abbé Prévost, whose romance of Louisiana, *Manon Lescaut*, is better known, has a long sentimental romance of travel and strange peoples which touches Virginia; this is *Le Philosophe Anglais, ou Histoire de M. Cléveland* (1728-39).

<sup>55</sup> *Blackwood's Magazine*, Vol. CXIII, p. 476.

story of the Cavaliers and indentured servants is but one example. If one seeks an explanation, it is to be found in a characteristic southern attitude toward the past. The Virginian, even more than other southerners, was a deteriorationist. He believed in the inevitable superiority of former times. This typically Virginian view was well expressed by George W. Bagby in his once popular lecture, "The Old Virginia Gentleman." "I can but think," said he, "that, since the Colonial and Revolutionary days, each generation has shown a slight falling away from those grand models of men and women who really existed in Virginia, but whom we have come to look upon almost as myths."<sup>56</sup> Even at this late day, the older Virginia farmers will tell you that since the Civil War everything has deteriorated—crops, farmhands, climate, manners—everything. One farmer whom I know insists in all seriousness that the sap in the sugar-maple is not so sweet as it was before that war. Mark Twain tells the story of an old negro woman who, in reply to a New Yorker's praise of the beautiful southern moon, said, "Ah, bless yo' heart, honey, you jes' ought to seen dat moon befo' de waw!"

<sup>56</sup> *Selections from the Miscellaneous Writings of Dr. George W. Bagby* (1884), Vol. I, p. 20.



## PIERRE LOTI AND THE ROMAN D'UN SPAHI

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IN 1923 literary Paris was saddened by the death of Pierre Loti. Outside of France it has been the habit to call him an exotic and to see in his novels charming pictures of strange lands. His son, Samuel Viaud, has recently published Loti's intimate diary under the title *Un jeune Officier pauvre, Fragments de Journal intime*. Here Loti appears as a very personal writer, drawing his inspiration from reality and not as a mere painter of exotic scenes. His is a realism truer, perhaps, than the work of the acknowledged French realists. If people have misunderstood Loti, it is because what was strange to them was for him the very essence of reality. The truth of this fact is apparent in the genesis of his novel, *Le Roman d'un Spahi*.

In the early part of 1880 Pierre Loti was just emerging from the obscurity of a naval officer's career. He was hailed by the younger critics as a writer of promise whose two novels, *Aziyadé* and *Le Mariage de Loti*, showed him a sensitive, poetic soul with uncommon ability to catch and present to the reader the fleeting impressions made upon his delicate sensibility. He was a literary find. Mme Juliette Adam fostered his career; the publisher Levy welcomed his manuscripts; the great Sarah Bernhardt received him in her select circle. Alphonse Daudet had invited him to lunch, "with a long walk in the Luxembourg gardens afterward. When we parted, Alphonse Daudet and I, it seems to me we had always known each other." In literary and social Paris the young naval officer Viaud with the quaint pseudonym Loti, had "arrived."

This literary success was but the flowering of a pleasant avocation. A naval officer's career is upon the sea and not in Paris salons. So Loti found himself snatched away from his budding renown to walk the deck of the cruiser *Friedland*,



bound for the Algerian coast. To his new friend Daudet, he wrote: "I began two or three letters to you, but they were always interrupted from the first lines, and to-night I succeed in finding a moment of peace to write you. Since I left you circumstances have battered me about without truce or mercy; I have lived as in a whirlwind. For five days since leaving France we have had nothing but continual military duty; exercises, manoeuvres, as long as it is light. I do not dislike this healthy, active life, especially when passed in the open air, in the beautiful Mediterranean sunlight, and within sight of the Spanish coast which from a distance takes on wonderful tints." The poet-novelist is seeking relief from his monotonous duties in the refreshing beauty of nature's pictures. The officer works and the poet dreams. He dreams of greater success in that over-charged world of Paris. Two books of very personal experiences have brought him recognition. As he approaches the African shore Loti is thinking of his next book and his mind wanders back to an earlier visit to that strangely attractive and mournful Senegal.

Thoughts of Dakar and Saint-Louis crept into his letter to Daudet written in that narrow cabin aboard the *Friedland*: "You have given me a great deal of courage and desire to write; I am going to start to work as soon as ship duty will allow. I don't want it to be a stupid or banal story because you will read it. I have brought here a great collection of notes of mine from Senegal, from which the novel is to come forth; notes written back there in a stifling heat, under the canvas shelter of the boat, on the river, or at Dakar under the verandah of my thatched house. There are bits of conversation, descriptions, outlines, and dried plants all scattered pellmell in the notes; there are long remarks on the chirp of the grasshoppers in the Sahara, on the scintillating torrid light, on the way lizards drag their tails over the desert sand, and a lot of other exact data on important subjects. All that is amalgamated with my personal adventures and those of a Spahi to whom I was attached in that land of exile. I shall make as few changes as possible.

Everything that is nearly French, or intelligible, will be kept in its primitive form."

The sketch of the novel is made; the scene is even now present in its intensity. As we read this striking vignette of Senegal, there comes to us again the charm of that poignant story of Jean Peyral in *Le Roman d'un Spahi*.

Loti had his novel, then, almost ready for transcription that April night aboard the *Friedland*, off the port of Algiers. For the next month he led a double life, half absorbed in the Algerian scene, so reminiscent of Stamboul and Aziyadé, and half in the memory of Senegal. Algiers would wait to take form later in *Les trois Dames de la Kasbah*. Seated in his cabin at night with his young jackal beside him, Loti worked to recall the Senegal he knew in 1873, and as he wrote the very moan of the beast beside him quickened his memory. "I want to present to you," he wrote to his mother, "my new companion and friend, a young jackal, who inhabits my cabin and sleeps crouching against my breast in a cat-like posture. When the moon rises, he awakes, from time to time, sits up and utters that sinister cry of the jackal which, formerly, was a nightmare for me in Senegal, and which you will hear through all the pages of my next book to be called: *Le Spahi*."

A month passed, with days of wandering about the Moorish quarter in that half Oriental Algiers. News from home made life gayer for Loti. The heavy family debts which had weighed upon his conscience were at last paid. "I have no more debts," he wrote in his diary. "We are free from all those petty worries against which I fought for ten years. It is like an incredible dream! It seems I breathe freer today, that life is calmer and more of a piece, that even the Algerian sky is purer and bluer."

Then came the regret of parting, of giving up for duty Moslem friends, hunting parties, and love feasts. But the *Friedland* was to sail on May 15, and Loti with reluctance noted the fact in his Journal with the wistful sentence: "Instead of galloping in native costume on a black horse in the

train of the Caïd Ibrahim, I shall be on the monotonous quarter-deck, wearing my oldest coat." In a week he had landed at Toulon, where he found his friend Plumkett, who installed him in a doubtful hotel in close proximity to an ambulant opera singer. Plumkett soon departed for Paris, the jackal was turned over to a traveling circus, the lyric artist shunned, and on June 1, 1880, shut up in his room, Loti "put himself to work." A welcome letter from Daudet encouraged him to "write naturally, avoid the novelesque style, and seek poetry." He needed encouragement in a work more arduous than he had anticipated. In reply to Daudet he wrote: "I have been working courageously for fifteen days since the receipt of your letter. I think I was waiting for a little word from you to set me to work. It is harder and longer than I thought, doing the story of my Spahi. It wearies me to turn over again all those recollections of sunlight and sand, and then, too, I have to stir up memories of personal experiences which made me suffer. It is especially difficult to make all that intelligible for the public. If I were writing for you alone, it would be quickly done and a great deal finer."

A note in his *Journal* for this month tells the same story of intense, solitary work: "I spend all these fine June days shut up in my hotel room mulling over my recollections of Senegal, exhuming them in order to sell them." Loti wrote furiously through the days of June to finish his book before the departure of his vessel which he knew would not be long delayed. On June 22, he noted in his diary: "Weighed anchor for Rochefort." The novel must have been finished before his departure, for he arrived at Rochefort on July 3, where he found a letter from Plumkett written from Paris July 2, acknowledging receipt of the manuscript of *Le Roman d'un Spahi*: "I have just finished reading your *Spahi*. I have noted many things dealing only with the content. I did not concern myself with the form. I've only marked a certain number of well chosen words which particularly struck me." Among Loti's recently published letters to Madame Juliette

Adam there is one from Rochefort, April 23, 1881, which apparently shows that Plunkett had the original manuscript: "I have a favor to ask you, Madame, if it is possible and if I am not too late. Will you be good enough to get and keep for me the manuscript of the SPAHI. I value it somewhat on account of the remarks of my friend Plum written on the back of the pages."

It seems, then, that Loti conceived *Le Roman d'un Spahi* aboard the *Friedland* in April of 1880, sketched the plot, and arranged the scenic background from earlier diary notes during nights off duty in the solitude of his cabin. When the *Friedland* returned to Toulon the end of May, he had his novel so well in hand that he could start to write on June 1, and complete it within three weeks.

It is doubtful if all the bundle of notes taken in Senegal, which Loti mentions in his letter to Daudet, have come to us in the modest volume called *Un jeune Officier pauvre*. In this book Senegal occupies fifty pages at the most. In them Loti has preserved the vivid pictures of the country, together with certain curious facts which by rearrangement became later the main lines of his story.

"I am going to rejoin you soon in Senegal," he wrote to his sailor brother from Rochefort on July 5, 1873. Three months later he arrived at Dakar and sent his sister a description of the African scene which recalls the opening chapter of the novel. The manner is typical of Loti in its division of the scene into planes of vision through which his eyes wander toward the distant horizon. His glance catches the strange and exotic colors of the picture, combining them with the emotional effect on his sensibility: "I am on my balcony, seated in a comfortable chair, and as I have nothing to disturb me nearby, I dominate all this harbor compact as a mirror. Imagine this setting now so familiar to me: in the first plane, the *Petrel* motionless, sharks play about her, and in the distance on the other side of the bay as far as the eye can see vast plains of desert sand; not a breeze in the air, where vultures calmly pass to and fro, a terrible heat and

complete silence—All that has charm, but all is sad, and the thought of passing two years in the presence of this is at times painful. When the fierce heat is over, we shall make our annual trip into Southern waters.”

Here is all the oppressive heat, the loneliness of life on the desert's edge, and the pathetic hope of *Le Roman d'un Spahi*. We recall the naïve Jean Peyral, Loti's hero, who chose to serve out his military duties as a colonial soldier, a Spahi, in this tropical Africa. Inactivity and the debilitating force of nature upon this simple white boy cause him gradually to forget the sweetheart of his native village back in the Cevennes. He trusts the heart of the creole Cora, the sophisticated and doubtful wife of a rich river merchant, only to find that she is a promiscuous sensualist. From this early disillusionment he seeks comfort and companionship with the Negro girl, Fatou-gaye, gives up for a friend his well earned right to return to France, and dies heroically in battle on the sands of the Sahara, like many a Spahi before him, unheralded and forgotten. This is the story Loti made from his diary aboard the *Friedland*, after seven years absence from Senegal.

As we read on among his notes we find he rented a native house from the mulatto Marie-Félicité, just as his hero rented his abode from the old native woman Coura-n'diaye. He made a trip into the desert and saw perhaps the future spot of Jean's death. He made the acquaintance of three French women of Dakar who traveled with the company and who “although creole had long blond hair, little crepe hats and large dresses.” Perhaps one of these was the model for Jean's first adventure, the creole Cora. It is not clear in the diary when Loti reached Saint-Louis, the scene of his novel, but his departure is recorded in May, 1874: “I left the Petrel May 25. They did me the honors as is customary when officers relinquish the command. Four ensigns mounted guard and I was accompanied by them aboard the *Archimède*, which was to take me to Dakar to board my new ship the *Espadon*. The *Archimède* was an old boat in the African service, hastily

refitted after having been rotting several years in the waters of Senegal. This day it was crowded with men and women passengers—poor women whose desire had been to follow their husbands to the colonies and who were returning sick to France. As usual there was a great confusion of visits and adieux."

Later, on board the *Espadon* in the calm, open July sea, he remembered this day and wrote in his note book: "The day the *Espadon* left for France there was at Saint-Louis a farewell banquet among the Spahis. I still remember it, this banquet where among all of us there reigned an honest friendship with sincere regret at parting perhaps never to meet again. . . . We were all sitting there including the large monkey of the Spahi lieutenant Brémont on the white terrasse. It was a scorching July day; in the sky there was a blue unknown even to Italy. We overlooked the city . . . with its square houses and its Moorish terraces cutting with their dazzling whiteness into the intense blue of the sky, and, here and there, some motionless palmtrees, holding up their yellow heads. The sun was just at the zenith; the heat was prostrating. After the banquet, Brémont asks the captain of the *Espadon* permission to present a Spahi who at the last moment wanted to obtain passage back to France. This Spahi was no other than J. Peyral; he came up with a grace and gaiety of manner that I didn't know in him then and haven't seen since."

Is this Spahi the Jean Peyral of the novel, who died in the desert killed by revolting natives? Apparently not, for he seems to have been taken aboard the *Espadon* and to have gone back to France with Loti. An entry in the diary dated January 25, 1875, mentions him sitting in Loti's cabin the day land was sighted. "When I entered my cabin," Loti writes, "I found a man seated there, a man clad in a red vest, the Spahi of Cora. He raised his fine head mournfully at my coming and said: 'Is it true, lieutenant, that you have seen land? . . . So much the worse, I wish we would never arrive.'"

The hero of the novel was, then, not the Jean Peyral of real life, but the Spahi lieutenant Brémont who first presented the young soldier to Loti. A little farther on in the diary, on March 1875, Loti recorded Brémont's death and quoted the toast offered at the banquet to the departed heroes of the African service: "To those who fell at Bobdiarah and Mecké." This is the toast the soldiers use in the novel on the occasion of the distribution of honors and awards. Loti adds the explanatory phrase: "Quite strange, this toast, which the author of this tale has not invented." Brémont's death made a deep impression upon Loti: "I have had news this morning," he notes in his diary, "that my friend Brémont, the junior lieutenant of the Spahis, has just died at Saint-Louis in Senegal from wounds received in an engagement against king Lal Dior. And this news has been one more blow to me." The thought of Brémont's death haunted him awake and troubled his sleep: "Brémont is dead, lying he too in the cemetery of Sorr, he whom I knew so full of life, so admirably handsome, and who at the banquet of the Spahis offered so gaily his toast." Loti's sympathy for those brave colonial troopers, whose life he so pathetically describes in his novel, goes back to these lines of the diary: "Yet that is the way he had to die; he was of that race of men, a race apart, who in their strange existence have made of Senegal, of its deserts of sand their country, their Patrie. Thus end the Spahis."

From these last words springs the genesis of Loti's novel. Touched by the death of his friend Brémont, he carried with him the recollection of the officer's life and fate in the land he knew. When the success of his first books and the encouragement of friends, such as Daudet, put him to work upon another novel, he only had to turn the pages of his diary to Brémont's death and the record of Senegal life to find his material. Respect for his friend made him give to a chance acquaintance the hero's rôle and Brémont's life furnished the story. All the rest was mere background and the author's personal experience.



Besides the desire to tell Brémont's simple story, there is in the choice of Senegal as the setting for his novel another reason. It goes deeper into Loti's experiences and, as in most of his work, is intimately connected with some one he has loved. The character of Jeanne Méry, Peyral's village sweetheart, is rather lightly drawn in the novel. She never appears and we would scarcely know her without the one or two letters written from the Cevennes which have the charm of sincerity. Loti's touch is so light here that the girl's importance would pass unnoticed if certain passages in the diary did not suggest connecting her with a real sweetheart. This time it is Loti's experience, not another's, that enters the novel.

In his diary Loti wrote that he had taken a house at Dakar. "It was original, this large house of ours at Dakar, which I had taken so much care to make attractive. We were attached to it as we were attached to Mlle Marie-Félicité, the old mulatto who rented it to us." It is not quite plain when he first occupied the house, for the entry in the diary was made some six months after his arrival in Senegal and was written aboard the *Petrel* on his way to Saint-Louis. There is a great amount of detail about the house and a constant mention of "we." Who lived with him in this place is a mystery. In June, four months later, he wrote: "This last month passed at Dakar will remain one of the most upsetting periods of my life. My bien-aimée has returned to France, my heart is full of love for her, of remorse, indecision, and contradictions." In July he was back in Dakar in time to see his brother sail away to Saint-Louis, which Loti had just left. "It is not so much to recall you, my dear brother," he wrote in his diary, "as to bring back recollection of her. To you she is unknown. . . . It is to this spot that I came and watched the swift craft take my bien-aimée back to France. . . . To-night I come here for the last time. I am going to leave this country."

Loti soon sailed for France and almost the next entry in his diary is dated Annecy, October 28, 1874. It has to do



with a trip to an old aristocratic home on the outskirts of the town. It was a visit to the bien-aimée of Dakar: "I trembled like a child at this door . . . No light or sound in this house where I had come to gamble with my life . . . I raised my hand to knock . . . I grew dizzy, scarcely able to breathe. . . ." Here the entry suddenly stops, and Loti's son tells us that several pages are lacking at this point of the journal. Why? What has become of these pages?

The answer is to be found among later entries. In February of the next year Loti wrote: "Five months already! How time flies! It dims and effaces recollection. . . . Perhaps it will also wipe away my bitter sorrow with the years, in spite of my effort to keep it; for I prefer this sorrow which is still something of her, which is all that remains living within me, I prefer this grief to the forgetting which time will bring." The sincerity of a deep love runs through all the pages of this entry. The lost sheets bore the record of a refusal, whether hers or her parents', we do not know. Loti tore from his notebook what he was unable to tear from his life, the sorrow of an unfulfilled desire. When he came to write his *Roman d'un Spahi*, he re-lived in a very deep and sorrowful sense the realities of the past, those of his friend Brémont and his own, and he could say of his novel as he wrote in his diary: "It is from Her, I think, that comes the charm which still clings in my memory to all that past year, to all that sad land of Africa and to my old ship of former days."

## CHARLES MACKAY: ENGLAND'S FORGOTTEN CIVIL WAR CORRESPONDENT

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A WAR correspondent, no matter how excellent, rarely rises very high in the literary world as a man of letters. Let him be in addition a journalist of wide reputation and a minor poet of note, with dabbings in history, biography, philology, criticism, and the fields of the novel and essay, and the chances still are that the aging world will carelessly and willingly forget his best literary productions.

Such was Charles Mackay, primarily a journalist and poet, contemporary of Tennyson and Browning, and like them one whose life extended over most of the eventful years of the nineteenth century. Like them, too, he had made a name for himself in the field of letters by the time of Queen Victoria's accession (1837), and like them he lived to witness her golden jubilee. His fate, however, is quite different from theirs. America, which he visited once on an extended lecture tour, and where he lived for four years as Civil War correspondent to the *London Times*, has allowed his name and work to be virtually forgotten; and England, perhaps with reason and justice, has concurred in this burial in oblivion of one of her minor men of letters.

Mackay was born March 27, 1814, at Perth, Scotland, of Scotch parents and ancestry. His grandfather, Hugh Mackay, a descendant of the Strathnover branch of the great Clan of Mackay, served both in the Army and the Royal Marines of the Hanoverian king. His father, George, fought in His Majesty's Navy against the French, and later joined the English land forces. Of his mother, little is known, except that she came of the Cargill family, famous in Scottish Covenanter history, and that she died during the boy's infancy.

His education was meagre. He attended a "dame school" at Woolwich, near London, and then the Caledonian Asylum at Hatton Garden, in the metropolis, where he learned Latin, Greek, and mathematics, and displayed a strong fondness for poetry. In 1825 he was placed by his father, who having retired from the Army was residing in Brussels, Belgium, in a school in that city, where, during the next three years—the last of his formal education,—he acquired a mastery of the French, German, Spanish, and Italian languages. Two years as private secretary to William Cockerill, an aged iron manufacturer near Liège, completed his sojourn on the continent, and in May, 1832, he returned to London, eager to adopt as his profession literature and journalism.

Mackay was first employed on the *Sun*, a Liberal evening paper, writing articles on foreign literature and foreign politics, and then as assistant sub-editor on the *Morning Chronicle*, the leading Whig and Liberal journal of London, and the commercial and literary rival of the *Times*. Later, in 1836, he became sub-editor, being chosen in preference to another young London journalist, William Makepeace Thackeray. Six busy years were spent in that position, and then, in 1844, finding the labors and late hours injurious to his health, he went to Glasgow, to become editor of the *Argus*, a Liberal paper published twice a week. Here he might have remained indefinitely, had not the proprietors of his paper split over which one of two Liberal candidates for Parliament to support, and when the *Argus* discontinued publication in 1847, Mackay returned to London.

Toward the end of 1847 Mackay formed a connection with the London *Telegraph*, and then with the *Illustrated London News*, serving as political and literary editor of the latter until 1852, when he assumed its entire management and control. He was a successful editor and his journal was popular, being the most productive, in a pecuniary sense, of the weekly newspapers in England. Its average circulation increased from 40,000 to 70,000 copies, and on several special

occasions its sale reached 140,000 to 150,000.<sup>1</sup> His connection with the *Illustrated London News* ended in 1859, when he found himself, so he said, unable any longer to do what he had done for eleven years, namely, express his own opinions on all the great questions of the time, both at home and abroad; native Scotch obstinacy, however, might have had something to do with his resignation. Two subsequent and successive magazines, the *London Review* and *Robin Goodfellow*, which he established and edited, were financial failures. Early in 1862 he was offered the position of American correspondent to the *London Times*, and he accepted.

During all these years of journalism, from the time of his return to England in 1834, Mackay had been writing poetry and prose. By 1862 he had published fourteen volumes of poetry, mostly of the pseudo-classical tradition. *The Hope of the World, and Other Poems* (1840) was dedicated to Samuel Rogers, who acknowledged the honor in a complimentary letter. *Legends of the Isles and Highland Gatherings* (1845), he inscribed to Tennyson. *Voices from the Crowd* (1846), *Voices from the Mountains* (1847), and *Town Lyrics* (1848) contained poems which, according to the preface, were "for the most part written in a time of political and social agitation—to aid as far as rhymes could aid, the efforts of the zealous and able men who were endeavoring to create a public opinion in favor of untaxed food, and of free trade, and free intercourse among the nations of the world. They were written as plainly as possible, that they might appeal to the people, in the people's language, and express the wants of the many in phraseology, broad, simple and intelligible as the occasion." At the time of their appearance, Mackay was regarded as "the poet of the people;"<sup>2</sup> and because of these poems he is considered among the poets who gave voice to the social unrest of the time.<sup>3</sup> Collected editions of his poems, under the title of

<sup>1</sup> James Grant, *The Metropolitan Weekly and Provincial Press*, Vol. III. chap. v.

<sup>2</sup> *The Academy*, Vol. XXXVII, p. 10.

<sup>3</sup> Stanley T. Williams, *Studies in Victorian Literature*, p. 181.

*The Poetical Works of Charles Mackay*, appeared in 1857 and 1876.

Recognition of his increasing fame as poet came in other ways. In 1846 the University of Glasgow conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. When Wordsworth died on April 23, 1850, he was prominently mentioned in literary circles, with Tennyson, Leigh Hunt, and Browning, as a probable successor to the Poet Laureateship. A recent scholar, Thomas R. Lounsbury, seems to think his prospects for selection were exceedingly dim, for he calls him a "sorry rhymester" and says that "any one who had the slightest claim to distinction as a writer of verse was fairly sure to be suggested by somebody."<sup>4</sup> However, some of Mackay's contemporaries thought differently of his literary merits, for in 1862 he was put upon the Civil List and a pension, amounting to £100 annually, was conferred upon him by Lord Palmerston, "in consideration of his contributions to poetry and to general literature."<sup>5</sup>

Some of his shorter lyrics were set to music and attained considerable popularity. "The Good Time Coming," with its swinging refrain of

There's a good time coming, boys;  
Wait a little longer.

sold, in various editions, about 400,000 copies, and "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," an emigration lyric, literally traveled around the world.<sup>6</sup> The music to his songs was composed by Henry Russell and Sir Henry Bishop, Professor of Music at the University of Oxford. Alexander Andrews, writing in 1855, said that he was "the first song-writer of our age."<sup>7</sup>

As a prose writer, Mackay had written by 1863 a history of London; a romantic novel; a history of the Mormons; a biography of Sir Robert Peele; a book of familiar essays

<sup>4</sup> Thomas R. Lounsbury, *The Life and Times of Tennyson (from 1809 to 1850)*, chap. xxi.

<sup>5</sup> *The Academy*, January 4, 1890.

<sup>6</sup> It is interesting to note that one of Mackay's songs, "Tubal Cain," was published with music as recently as 1916, by the Sloan Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.

<sup>7</sup> Alexander Andrews, *The History of British Journalism*, Vol. II, chap. xii.

entitled *The Gouty Philosopher, or the Opinions, Whims and Eccentricities of John Wagstaffe, Esq.* (1862); and had contributed articles on various subjects to magazines like the *New Quarterly Review* and *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*. He had also been the editor of several collections of poems, chief of which were: *The Book of English Songs from the Sixteenth to the Nineteenth Century* (1851); *The Legendary and Romantic Ballads of Scotland* (1861); *Jacobite Songs and Ballads* (1861); and *The Cavalier Songs and Ballads of England from 1642 to 1684* (1863). He had also formed some important literary friendships during these years. He was a frequent guest at the famous breakfasts of the aged poet, Samuel Rogers, and met there W. Harrison Ainsworth, Bryan Waller Proctor, Lord John Russell, Macaulay, and Benjamin Disraeli. He was well acquainted with Thomas Campbell, was a frequent visitor at the home of Bulwer-Lytton at Knebworth, spoke of Charles Dickens as "his friend and fellow-labourer,"<sup>8</sup> had dedicated a volume of poems to Tennyson, met the aged de Quincey frequently in Glasgow, and continued on intimate terms with Thackeray. The last-mentioned, knowing Mackay's aversion to tobacco, suddenly poured forth, on a certain social occasion, a string of verses on the pleasures of smoking, concluding each stanza with the lines which contained a common mispronunciation of Mackay's name:

And alas, for poor Mackay,  
Who can't smoke his baccy!<sup>9</sup>

Nathaniel Hawthorne, whom he had met at a dinner and whom he later entertained at the Reform Club, described him as "a shrewd, sensible man, with a slight acerbity of thought."<sup>10</sup>

For the post of American correspondent to the *London Times*, Mackay had been somewhat prepared by a tour of this country in 1857-1858. The primary object of his trip

<sup>8</sup> Charles Mackay, *Forty Years' Recollections*, Vol. I, p. 179.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 295.

<sup>10</sup> Nathaniel Hawthorne, *English Note-books*, II, under date of April 4, 1856.

was to survey the numberless objects of interest in the western world, study the laws and institutions of the American Republic and their influence upon the social and political development of the country, and narrate his impressions in a series of letters to the *Illustrated London News*. At the suggestion and advice of Thackeray, who had made a successful tour of America in 1856, he gave a series of lectures on "Poetry and Song" in the principal cities, visiting thus Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, Mobile, Savannah, Charleston, and Richmond. He also lectured in a number of Canadian cities. On the eve of his departure for England, in May, 1858, a farewell dinner was given him in Boston, which was attended by some of the most distinguished literary men in America, and at which Oliver Wendell Holmes, instead of a speech, read a poem addressed to the guest of the evening, entitled "To Charles Mackay, on his Departure for Europe." It was later included, under the title of "A Good Time Going!" in Holmes's *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, where he writes of Mackay as "a kind-hearted, modest, genial, hopeful poet, who sings to the hearts of his countrymen, the British people, the songs of good cheer which the better days to come, as honest souls trust and believe, will turn into the prose of common life."<sup>11</sup>

Despite the condition of affairs he saw on his tour of the United States, Mackay had no idea of the nearness of the Civil War, or of the dangers of disunion from slavery. "The real dangers of the Union," he wrote, in a book of travel sketches, *Life and Liberty in America* (two volumes, 1859), "do not spring from the inelasticity of the constitution or from the quarrels of the North and South, from slavery or anti-slavery, or from any domestic question likely to arise, as they do from lust of territory on the one part, and from political and social corruption on the other. Both of them are peculiarly the vices of Republics."<sup>12</sup> Yet he seemed to see a break-up of the Union, the Northern States making one part, the

<sup>11</sup> Oliver Wendell Holmes, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, Part IX.

<sup>12</sup> *Life and Liberty in America*, Vol. II, p. 186.



Southern a second, and the Californian or Pacific Seaboard a third. "The prospective unwieldiness of the Union," he wrote, "when the intervening spaces from the Atlantic to the Pacific are filled up, is a reason why it may be expected to break up into compartments a little more manageable, and resolve itself into three or four federations instead of one."<sup>18</sup>

Shortly before Mackay left England to begin his duties as war correspondent, the "Slidell and Mason" affair, which threatened war between Great Britain and the United States, occurred. The English journalist wrote Secretary Seward, whom he had met on his lecture tour in America and for whom, when the American had visited London in 1859, he had acted as guide to some of the interesting places of the metropolis, a long and earnest letter, which was included among the despatches of Mr. Dallas, the American minister at London,—a letter which is here quoted in its entirety, not only because its content is interesting, but also because it is an index to Mackay's prose style:

Eighteenth Avenue Road, Regent's Park,  
London, November 29, 1861.

Hon. W. H. Seward, Washington.

My Dear Mr. Seward: Your letter, written as it must have been amid the all but overwhelming amount of public business that must have devolved upon you, has given me very high gratification as a proof of your regard and friendship. I would be happy indeed if I could accept the kind invitation to myself and wife<sup>14</sup> which your letter conveys, and I hope the day will come when I shall be able to see you again in your own land and enjoy the hospitality which I have received before and which you offer me again.

Little did I think when we last met in London that the disruption of your glorious Union was either possible or near at hand, though I knew that in any danger or difficulty that might arise your voice would be heard on the rightful side and that no exertions of yours would be spared to do a true man's duty.

I would not have run the risk of boring you with politics in reply to a letter of friendship, but the excitement in London and throughout England is so great in reference to the unfortunate seizure of Messrs. Slidell and Mason that I cannot refrain from telling you what I see and hear for your information and that of the President. There never

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 191.

<sup>14</sup> An invitation to Mackay and his wife to visit America and be the personal guests of Seward.

was within memory such a burst of feeling as has been created by the news of the boarding of the *La Plata* (Trent). The people are frantic with rage, and were the country polled, I fear that 999 men out of 1000 would declare for immediate war. Lord Palmerston cannot resist the impulse if he would. If he submits to the insult to the flag his ministry is doomed—it would not last a fortnight. But he is decided to demand reparation, and Lord Derby has made no secret for the past two or three months of his opinion that England ought immediately to recognize the Southern Confederation.

The whole feeling of the people has undergone a change. Sympathy was but coldly expressed for the South. Now it is warm and universal. I deeply lament and deplore what has happened, and could I believe that your Government could or would undo it and disavow the act of the captain of the *San Jacinto* I should rejoice and consider it a blessing to my country as well as to the United States. The scene in the Reform Club when the men arrived was more exciting than anything I ever witnessed, and staid and sober men (as Englishmen generally are) became violent, demonstrative and outrageous. Englishmen would rather fight with any power in the world than with America, but I do assure you their blood is up and they mean mischief in this business.

A peaceful member of our Parliament declared to me that if this insult were not atoned for he saw no use for a flag; that he would recommend the British colors to be torn into shreds and sent to Washington for the use of the Presidential water-closets, and that he would rather become a United States citizen than continue any longer to be thought an Englishman. The whole people express the same feeling though not quite so forcibly or idiomatically as this gentleman. I mix a great deal with people of all classes of society and have the means of feeling the public pulse as thoroughly as any man in London and I give you openly the result of my observations.

The Southern men in London, of whom I know several, are delighted and think it the best thing that could have happened for their cause. They already see the South recognized by England and France in unison and cannot conceal their exultation.

I am afraid you will think this but a rambling and incoherent letter, but it is because I so admire and esteem you that I write what comes uppermost, perhaps not without being touched with the contagious excitement of everybody about me, excitement which you know is difficult to be free from when the world is crazy around you. I trust, however, that it will blow over and that the United States and England will be friends now and forever.

With the sincerest and most hearty wishes for your welfare and health, and for the restoration of peace to your suffering country, believe me, my dear Mr. Seward, ever your devoted friend,

CHARLES MACKAY.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>15</sup> *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, Series II, Vol. 2, pp. 1106-8.

Of this letter he wrote twenty-five years later: "I am not so very modest and self-depreciatory as to believe that my earnest missive was wholly without effect in impressing upon Mr. Seward, at this important crisis in the affairs of the Union, that discretion was the better part of valor, and that the Federal Government would have quite enemies enough to contend with in the people of the Confederate States, without adding the people and government of Great Britain to the number."<sup>16</sup> Evidently he did place too much emphasis upon the effect of his letter upon Seward, but that it was of some importance may be judged from the fact that it is included in the *Official Records*, as cited.

On February 22, 1862, Mackay left England for Boston to assume his duties as correspondent. This post had been filled for many years by an American gentleman, but in view of the intense interest in Great Britain concerning the events of the American Civil War, it was thought desirable by the *Times* that an Englishman should serve as correspondent during the conflict. His headquarters were at New York, varied by occasional business trips southward to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and to Canada in the North. Just previous to leaving England, he had acted as chairman at a lecture given by his friend, Colonel H. Fuller, who had spoken in favor of allowing the southern states to secede peaceably. The news of this had reached America, and when the newly-appointed *Times* correspondent arrived in Boston and later in New York, he was received with marked coldness and suspicion by many of the friends he had made during his lecture tour. He remained in America as representative of the *Times* until the close of the conflict (with the exception of a two months' absence in London on private business at the end of 1863) and returned to England in December, 1865, after having been given a farewell dinner in New York by many of his American friends.

His letters to the *Times* varied in frequency from one to three a week, and in length from one to three columns. They

<sup>16</sup> Charles Mackay, *Through the Long Day*, Vol. II, p. 270.

were usually not so much first-hand accounts of battles and campaigns as discussions of the importance and significance of these military manoeuvres, as well as analyses and interpretations of the issues involved in the great conflict, and discussions of political and social questions in the North.

Late in July, 1864, he made a business trip to Niagara Falls and "covered" for his paper a meeting of Democrats, who came together to choose a suitable candidate to run in opposition to Abraham Lincoln, but who were unable to agree in their selection. He was also present at the Republican Convention at Baltimore in the fall of 1864, when Lincoln was nominated for a second presidential term. On one of his trips to Washington, a few months before the President's assassination, he attended one of Lincoln's levees and stood by his side as he received the people. "Altogether," wrote Mackay, "I was very favorably impressed with Mr. Lincoln—not with his manners, but with his heart and intellect."<sup>17</sup> Afterwards he attended a meeting of the House of Representatives, met the Speaker, and also visited the Senate. At each place he was admitted to the "privilege of the floor," or free entrance in and out. During this visit to Washington he also went to a reception given by Chief Justice Chase, and met many men prominent in public and official life. On another visit to Washington, over the fourth of March, 1865, he witnessed the second inauguration of Abraham Lincoln.

Mackay's opinions about the war and his news-reports to the London *Times* were strikingly interesting. He was an enemy of slavery, but he recognized the right of the South to break away from the North, if the two could not exist peaceably in the Union. Twenty years after the war had ended, he said that his attitude had been one of neutrality, that his communications to the *Times* had been impartial, and that he had endeavored to do justice to both the North and the South, though without pleasing either.<sup>18</sup> The *Times*, he continued, "had sent me to express my honest and independent opinions, through its powerful columns, to the British

<sup>17</sup> *Through the Long Day*, Vol. II, p. 337.

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*, Vol. II, chap. ix.

people and to all Europe," and these "conscientious opinions" were "the impolicy and non-necessity of the war, which I had so long and so often expressed,"—opinions which were, consequently, in accord with those of the *Times*, namely, that the war was a mistake, and that it was not primarily waged for the abolition of slavery, though that might, and probably would be its outcome.<sup>19</sup>

Others, however, took a different view of Mackay's "impartial attitude." Antonio Gallenga, an Italian-English journalist who replaced him as *Times* correspondent during his temporary absence in 1863, claims that he found, upon his arrival in New York, Mackay "almost exclusively surrounded by the New York 'Copperheads' (as Northern men sympathizing with the South were called), and went with them as a supporter through thick and thin. They were all of them only too sure that Secession would fight with the courage of despair and prevail in the end. And such was also almost the universal expectation in England. . . . I was, I think, to a certain extent successful in counteracting the contrary opinion with which Mackay, relying perhaps too implicitly on the representations of those whose hopes were based upon their wishes, had managed to inoculate the *Times*, and with it English public opinion."<sup>20</sup> Secretary Seward, at the close of the war, wrote Mackay: "It has been very hard to find you, the friend of my best manhood, among her (his country's) enemies. I pray God to forgive you the great crime you have committed."<sup>21</sup> And the London *Spectator* of July 16, 1887, said: "As United States correspondent for the *Times* during the struggle between the North and the South, he (Mackay) probably did more than any other single man to diffuse error concerning the great issue involved,

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*, Vol. II, chap. ix.

<sup>20</sup> Antonio Gallenga, *Episodes of My Second Life*, Vol. II, chap. xiii. Too much reliance, however, cannot be placed upon Gallenga as an authority on impartiality, for on the preceding page he writes: "My only wish was that peace should be made on the terms of a friendly, but thorough and enduring separation of the contending parties; and in so far I was an out-and-out Secessionist. The Yankees as a nation had become a danger to Europe. Split up into two or more nations, whatever mischief they might do to one another, they would soon be harmless to their neighbors."

<sup>21</sup> *Through the Long Day*, Vol. II, p. 274.

and to imperil the cause of human freedom."<sup>22</sup> However, to the twentieth century reader, sixty years after the war, these news-letters to the *Times* contain nothing that seems to have been notably unfair to either side, and one is inclined to believe Mackay was right, sincere, and just when he wrote that his attitude had been one of neutrality and impartiality between the North and the South,—an attitude which, at the time, would undoubtedly have been unsatisfactory to each.

After his return from America in December, 1865, Mackay formed no definite journalistic connection with any newspaper or periodical, but lived, instead, the life of a free lance writer. His contributions to literature consisted of several additional volumes of poems; an additional novel; another book of familiar essays; a half dozen books on historical philology, in which he tried to show that the English language is, to a previously unexpected extent, derived from the Gaelic,—studies which never found much favor with scholars, and which Charles Kent describes as "wayward and eccentric excursions";<sup>23</sup> two books (in two volumes each) of literary, political, and journalistic reminiscences, *Forty Years' Recollections of Life, Literature, and Public Affairs from 1830 to 1870* (1877) and *Through the Long Day, or Memorials of a Literary Life During Half a Century* (1887); and numerous anonymous articles in *Blackwood's Magazine*, the *Nineteenth Century Magazine*, the *Fortnightly Review*, and Dickens' *All the Year Round*.

During the summer of 1869 Mackay became acquainted with Jefferson Davis, the ex-President of the Southern Confederacy, then in London, and that autumn the two spent a month's holiday together traveling in Scotland, where they visited Edinburgh, Glasgow, Oban, the Hebrides, and Inverness. The English journalist confesses that he was flattered in taking this tour, for "during my short but pleasant acquaintance with Mr. Davis, I had found him to be a most agreeable companion, with a well-stored mind, and rare con-

<sup>22</sup> *London Spectator*, July 16, 1887. This statement is considerably exaggerated.

<sup>23</sup> *Dictionary of National Biography*, Vol. XXXV, p. 121.

versational power."<sup>24</sup> The remaining years of Mackay's life were passed uneventfully in his cottage at Boxhill, near Dorking, where his next-door neighbor was George Meredith, the novelist. There he died on December 24, 1889. He was buried on the second of January, 1890, in Kensal Green Cemetery.

As to his place in English literature, posterity has already made its decision. He wrote much in various fields,—fields too broad and too varied for enduring achievement in any one. It is unfortunate that he did not follow the advice of Samuel Rogers, who said to him on one occasion: "Don't write much; take time over it; and aspire to go down to posterity as a diamond, rather than as a caldron of coals, or a heap of bricks and mortar."<sup>25</sup> Many of his works, especially his songs, were extremely popular during his life, but their popularity has not continued. "His verse is brimful of spirit and energy, but in spite of the fact that he was himself a musician and composer, it has a thin, unattractive tinkle."<sup>26</sup> His books, even his volumes of poems, are gathering dust on library shelves, and it is only occasionally that a curious reader calls for any of his productions and thumbs carelessly through the pages. George Saintsbury, in his chapter on the "Lesser Poets of the Middle and Later Nineteenth Century," has summarized his labors very accurately: "There are reasons for believing that if he had led that life of concentration on poetry which seems to be, if not quite universally, in a large majority of cases, necessary to produce poetry in perfection, he might . . . have been more than a lesser poet. But journalism and bookmaking, though they may favor the production of verse, are not usually favorable to the quality of poetry."<sup>27</sup>

<sup>24</sup> *Through the Long Day*, Vol. II, chap. xii.

<sup>25</sup> *Forty Years' Recollections*, Vol. I, p. 218.

<sup>26</sup> Hugh Walker, *The Literature of the Victorian Era*, chap. vii.

<sup>27</sup> *Cambridge History of English Literature*, Vol. XIII, chap. vi.



## IVAN ALEKSANDROVICH GONCHAROV

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Russian literature has so often been presented as a literature of protest, of a constant and unrelenting opposition to the authority of the Imperial Government, that it may come to many as a surprise to find that some of the foremost writers have been as strongly devoted to conservatism as others have been to that radicalism which has given the literature its prevailing reputation. Of course such men are in the minority, because it is always less attractive and startling to preach the status quo than it is to demand change or to point out the folly and evil of present conditions. Nevertheless conservatives have existed, and it is among them that we must place Ivan Aleksandrovich Goncharov, who belongs easily in the front rank of Russian authors.

Goncharov is less well known abroad than are some of his contemporaries, but this is perhaps because his work represents so well the peculiar weaknesses of the Russian people—their tendency toward futility, toward quietism and fatalism. For example, it is hard to awaken interest, as Goncharov does in a two-volume novel of several hundred pages, in a man who hardly arises from his bed during the entire story and is unable to rouse himself sufficiently to overcome his doubts and scruples long enough to marry the girl he loves. Yet this is the task which Goncharov sets for himself in *Oblomov*, and the praise which this work has received in Russia shows the success which the author has had in this apparently intractable subject. The critic and essayist, Dobrolyubov, called "Oblomovitis" the national vice of Russia, and he has shown the wide ramifications of this disease throughout the whole of its literature.

Yet with the sympathetic understanding which Goncharov shows for this mixture of indecision and of good intention, we may perhaps be pardoned for seeing also in the author's

own life some elements of that strange malady which marred the career of his greatest hero. His long life was almost as placid as that of Oblomov and it was free from the violent storms of passion and of strife which marred the lives of many of his friends and comrades. In fact, so quiet and placid was his existence and so even and undisturbed the course of his stories, that we may well be doubtful where reality ends and imagination begins. In consequence we have the startling result that many of the critics treat Goncharov as one of the most objective writers in Russia, one of those authors who least of all reflect in their works personal experiences, while others go to the other extreme and read into and discover in his books the details of experiences through which he had passed.

Goncharov was born in Simbirsk on the middle Volga, June 6, 1812. He was of a merchant family, but his early life left some memory of the old days on country estates in that Oblomovka which he describes so charmingly. That was a period of ideal existence, where time was not needed, where nothing counted but the life of the moment, and where necessity was scarcely felt. It was an idyllic existence which could not fail to leave an indelible imprint upon all who came under its beguiling influence.

It was apparently in this undisturbed calm that Goncharov received his first education from a priest active and energetic, who may have given the type for the father of Stolz in his great novel. Yet boys grow up, even in Oblomovka, and the time came when Ivan went to the University of Moscow. He studied there from 1831 to 1834, but he seems to have been uninfluenced by the stormy life which was going on about him. Lermontov and his contemporaries might feel the storm and stress of momentous days, or suffer under the weight of official bureaucracy. Goncharov was different. He was one of the great number of students who stood apart from the life around them. They had gone to study and they obeyed. At times they may have been moved to protest, but for the most part they were untouched by the

passions of the external world. When one of the professors was expelled for being too radical, Goncharov merely entered in his diary, "Thank heaven, I never heard his lectures." Oblomov! Indifference! Conventionality! What a colorless character! True, but look at the other side of the picture! Think of the wasted energy, the tragic fate, the hopeless despair of many of those same students. Think of the consequences to Russia, when the hope of a progressive and yet efficient educated class was shattered on the rock of theory. It is as stupid to condemn Goncharov and his kind as it is to glorify and exalt his quietism.

From the University he drifted into government service. He followed the path of many of his friends and acquaintances, but still he was the same Goncharov. He passed from office to office in an active and honorable life until finally he reached the censorship. He never wavered in his devotion to his duties; he never doubted their value to Russia. He worked hard and faithfully, and as a censor he was the despair of every writer whose works came before him. He was a good censor. That is, he criticized and corrected by rule of thumb. If it were forbidden to use certain words, woe to the writer who employed them. If it were forbidden to say certain things, those things never escaped the eagle eye of Goncharov. But he read simply and clearly, and he never sought to find a hidden meaning or to prove that something was lying concealed in the text. Thus his work was futile, and the authors profited by their own cleverness and imagination.

This long period of activity was rudely interrupted in 1856 when he accepted an offer to go as private secretary to Admiral Putyatin on a trip to Japan. He accepted the post and then tried to decline, but it was too late and he was forced to make the long voyage around Western Europe and Africa. The result was incorporated in the series of sketches, *The Frigate Pallada*, one of the most interesting travel books in the Russian language. Back once more to St. Petersburg, he retired from office about 1870 and for the next twenty years lived a peaceful and quiet existence. He was a cultured

and refined gentleman. He never married, although he was much in society. Some of his expressions have suggested that he was jealous of Turgenev and some critics have tried to find passages which might be interpreted as attacks upon that author. This is most probably surmise. His quiet life breathed itself out September 15, 1891. He left instructions that his correspondence and works which had not been approved should not be published. These instructions were not obeyed, but there was nothing startling to reveal and no sharp letters, no material that would please a friend or hurt an enemy.

There was nothing thrilling in this existence. There was nothing which can move our hearts or urge us to seek something like it, except the charm of peace and quiet which cannot fail to find some response in all mankind. Can we be sure that storm and stress, that constant and unceasing activity, will bring to us any more profit or any more happiness than such a life? Can we be sure that quietness and peace are not the best contribution that we can make to our fellowmen? Therefore we must ask ourselves if we have the right to criticize Goncharov or to smile at him from superior heights of restlessness.

His literary work seems to have been produced in an unemotional way. Three novels and a few short sketches, together with the account of his journey, are all that he produced. Each work seems like the outpouring of a reservoir which is drained dry and which must slowly and calmly regain its power and its fullness before it can again pour out its bounty. There is nothing of the madness of inspiration in these novels. There is much of peace, and a constant question as to the value of mad and frenzied activity. He used his eyes and his ears, he learned the weakness and the strength of contemporary society, and his keen pen was able to give the tones and overtones which he saw around him. He did not rant or condemn. If he made fun of the young aspirant for swift success, he showed also the tragedy of efficiency and of bustling life.

*An Ordinary Story*, he called his first work, and how ordinary it is! Alexander Aduyev, a true specimen of the young man just out of the University, filled with ambitions to become a writer, unacquainted with the harsh facts of life, comes up to his uncle in St. Petersburg to secure a post or, as he prefers to say, "to live and enjoy life." His mother has worshipped him and spoiled him and now she hands him over to his uncle with the naïve assumption that uncle and nephew will have the same bedroom and that the uncle will take care that the flies do not crawl into the young man's mouth, if he sleeps with it open. The uncle, Petr Ivanich, conceives it to be his duty to disillusion his nephew. He interprets every one of the young man's beautiful and grandiloquent speeches in a matter-of-fact way. He points out to him that he needs many thousands of rubles a year to "live" in the capital, and finally he seems to encourage the young man by getting him a literary contract, but instead of poetry, as Sasha expects, it is an opportunity to write a report on potatoes.

The boy has come to the city with intentions of being true to a village sweetheart and with the further intention of maintaining a warm correspondence with some of his university friends. Uncle laughs at this and dictates one day a letter in which he describes himself. "My uncle is neither a demon nor an angel, but a man like all of us, except you and me. He thinks and feels as if on the earth, for he assumes that if we live here, we do not need to fly away into heaven where we are not invited, but must busy ourselves with human activities to which we are called. That is why he mixes into all sorfs of things here and in life as it is, not as we might like to have it. He believes in good and evil, in the beautiful and base. He believes in love and friendship, but he doesn't think that they fell from heaven into the mud, but assumes that they were made with people and for people, that we must look at them steadily and really, and not be carried off by them heaven knows where. Among honorable people he admits the possibility of acquaintance which from con-

stant relations and habits becomes friendship. But he assumes also that in absence habit loses its strength and people forget one another and that this is no crime. . . . He says that life does not consist alone in love and to dream forever about one love is stupid. . . . He likes to interest himself in affairs and advises you and me to do the same—we belong to society, he says and it needs us: in doing this, he does not forget himself, business furnishes money, and money comfort, something which he loves. . . . He does not always think of service and the factory, he even knows some of Pushkin by heart. . . .” This is uncle, a typical successful business man, a Russian Babbitt, we may say, unable to rise above his chosen profession.

It is with this background that Alexander enters the life of the capital. At every turn the cold water of his uncle drenches his youthful enthusiasm. At every turn uncle offers him a cold and unattractive prospect. He has several love affairs. Uncle smiles at them, but they somehow do not bring him satisfaction. One, the most promising, with Nadya, ends after some sentimental scenes when a richer and more prominent suitor puts in an appearance. Finally, in sheer desperation Alexander gives up the fight for existence in the capital and goes back to the country where he stays until his mother's death.

But is uncle any better off? No! He, too, despite his breezy and cynical manner, is not satisfied. He, too, has been a young man like his nephew; he has been imaginative and impulsive. But he has conquered his dreams and now he must pay the penalty. He marries with calculation, not by calculation, as he expresses it (note the difference) and he showers his wife with every luxury except love. Both crack under the strain. They have nervous breakdowns and the prospect of travel abroad and of rest mean nothing to them. Life has slipped away and has left them only the husks of their success. It is the old, old story of the man who sacrifices everything to achieve success and can not enjoy it when it is attained.

At that very moment Alexander comes back. His mother dead, he hurls himself into the path of service, and as uncle passes broken from the scene, the nephew, once despised and ridiculed, comes to the front. He is marrying and the girl now has not love and devotion but something more substantial, three hundred thousand rubles and five hundred serfs as her dowry. What more could an Aduyev, uncle or nephew, want? With this the story ends.

Ordinary? Yes! It is an age-old story and one that can never pass, however times and forms may change. Nevertheless, the timeless character of the novel is striking. Uncle and nephew are but two steps in the course of the same career. Apparently the only difference between them is one of age. Between their generations there is no change, no progress. The interests of the uncle in his younger days seem to be those of the nephew and *vice versa*. It is already as if Goncharov were writing from memory and not from life, as if time itself meant nothing to him, as if he were drawing from a reservoir instead of from a moving stream.

*An Ordinary Story* appeared in 1847 and more than ten years later, in 1858, *Oblomov* was published. This was the masterpiece. From the moment when we are first introduced to Oblomov in his dressing gown, we realize that here is a lovable character. "He was a man of some thirty-two or three years of age, of moderate size, pleasant exterior, but with an absence of every definite idea, of all concentration in his features. Thought wandered like a free bird over his face, hopped on his eyes, rested on his half-opened lips, hid in the wrinkles of his forehead, and then there flowed over his whole face the even light of freedom from care. From his face this freedom from care passed into the pose of his whole body, even into the folds of his dressing-gown."

To us Oblomov may be unsympathetic. We may yearn to rush out into the busy world of men and to play our part. Oblomov's friends try to persuade him of the desirability of this. A social leader drops in for a moment and recites his engagements for the day. Oblomov sighs sadly. "To be in



ten places in one day—unfortunate man. And that is life. . . . Of course it's not bad to look into the theatre, to fall in love with some Lydia . . . she's attractive! To pick flowers with her in the country, to go riding—that's fine, but to be in ten places in one day—unfortunate man." Perhaps Oblomov is right. Why tear madly from tea to dinner to the theatre, from the theatre to a ball, from a ball to supper? Unfortunate man! So Oblomov remains in his dressing gown.

A young official comes in but he, too, has nothing better to offer. He works all morning, he works all day, and his evenings are spent on government business—unfortunate man! And then comes a writer with many articles to turn out, with many assignments and ideas, with never a moment to himself. Unfortunate man! What is the sense of it all? It did not profit Petr Aduyev, it did not save him from a nervous collapse. Whom does it serve?

Perhaps Oblomov exaggerates. He realizes his obligation to his peasants, but he must find out first what to do. He cannot decide. This is the charm of Oblomov, and it is here that it is so easy to misunderstand him. We are far too apt to say condescendingly that he was indifferent and lazy. No, far from that,—he merely lacked the power of action and of decision and this makes him tragic instead of comical. What could you expect of him? He had been reared in Oblomovka, in that timeless existence where even the peasants would not deliver mail to their master without a special order and where the masters were in fear of bad news and would not read the letter when it did arrive.

Stolz, the German, is the reverse. He is active and efficient. He measures his time and his feelings no less carefully than he does his money. He always knows what to do and what to avoid. He sees everything, provides for everything, and yet Oblomov touches a real spot in his active heart. He is really the *deus ex machina* for Oblomov. The latter's indecision leaves him a ready target for all kinds of swindlers. They borrow his clothes, they foist upon him false

leases, they load him with bogus debts, and would ruin him completely if Stolz were not at hand and ready to come to his friend's relief and check their machinations. Stolz tries to save his friend, but he cannot. He tries to take him abroad, but Oblomov will not go and Stolz is baffled.

Olga, too, is helpless. A rounded woman, she lacks those elements of fantasy which often mar the heroines of Turgenyev. She is businesslike and yet attractive and romantic. She appreciates to the full the wonderful qualities of Oblomov and tries to rouse him to a realization of his own powers. She feels that she has succeeded. She promises to marry him, and then the tragedy happens. The maids begin to talk about it; Oblomov's own Zakhar, a true, loyal, insolent servant, talks about it, and it startles and perplexes and confuses the poor man. A crisis is upon him and instead of going on he tries to retrace his steps. He stops visiting Olga to prevent gossip. He issues orders that her name shall not be mentioned while she is cheerfully and joyfully talking about her impending marriage. Oblomov fails more and more and finally Olga sees herself forced to let him go. She realizes reluctantly and sadly that she has loved the Oblomov that might have been, not the man that is. She realizes that he cannot wake up, that the brand of Oblomovka has sunk too deeply into his soul. She leaves him and later marries Stolz. But is she happy? Can anyone be happy when living with an animated machine that runs for twenty-four hours a day, that bustles from one activity to another, getting results but never taking time for rest? She looks back on Oblomov and she dreams of what might have been. It is a commonplace for Russian criticism to assume that sooner or later the burden will be too great and that she will be forced to leave Stolz.

As it is, she sends him to fetch Oblomov. Too late! Oblomov has married his landlady. In this way he saves himself from moving, but it is more than that. She does not make excessive demands upon him. She does not rouse him to activity. She satisfies his needs, for poor Oblomov has passed from indifference to incapacity. The paralysis has

advanced and now even Oblomovka makes no appeal. The railroad comes there. Oblomov is made rich beyond his wildest dreams, but he no longer has dreams. He can merely turn over to Stolz his son for help and guidance, and later he dies in his sleep as quietly and as silently as he has lived. His servant, Zakhar, who has remained with him to the end, sinks down to be a beggar but he never fails in his devotion to his kindly master whom he loved sincerely, despite the impudence and indifference with which he treated him.

*Oblomov* is an idyl of the past. It marks the best side of the life in the old village which was passing away in the nineteenth century. It is the tale of a man who cannot rouse himself from his apathy and lethargy to live. It is also more than that; it is the tragedy of a class, almost of a nation. We would do Oblomov a great injustice if we regarded him as lazy and indifferent. He represents the striving for perfection, the necessity for securing a definitive answer to all questions before making an effort, and its nemesis of inability to act when the critical moment arrives.

Still later Goncharov produced his third novel, the *Land-slip*, in 1868. This is the least successful of all of his works. It is far less unified, far less connected, and more verbose. Goncharov's tendency toward minute description at places runs away with him and his endeavor to express the life around him is less satisfactory.

Raisky, perhaps the hero of the story, is a talented young artist, an Oblomov of motion, as he has been called. He cannot force himself to undergo the necessary training to master the principles of any art and so he flits around, writing, painting, carving, achieving considerable success, but never rising above the level of the dilettante. Finally, after several episodes in the capital, he goes down to an aged aunt's. Tatyana Markovna is a true type of Russian pomyeshchitsa, the old style mistress of the patriarchal and sometimes matriarchal age, when the will of the owner was law and neither state, nor church, nor public opinion were able to bend him to their will. She feels a responsibility toward her serfs: when they are sick, she tends them herself with homemade reme-

dies, and of course she will not secure a physician for them. When the governor wants her to repair a bridge or fix a road, she regards it as tyrannical interference with her rights and it requires all the tact of her friends to keep her from a clash with the authorities. In short, she stands forth as a representative of the past, we might almost say of the eighteenth century, when life was far different from what it is at present.

With her are her two nieces, Martha and Vyera, and in them are illustrated the two points of view, the past and the present. Martha is the old-fashioned girl, every moment of whose life is bound up with the old and antiquated conventions. Even when she is sought in marriage, she refuses to be kissed until her young admirer has gone to his home and secured his mother's definite consent to the wedding. Again, as so often in Goncharov, there is a marked sympathy for Martha. Of course she is not a moving character. She is far too quiet and composed, but she is not treated unkindly or satirically. She belongs in Oblomovka and her married life will be spent amid the dying echoes of the peace and repose of the past.

Vyera is the opposite. She seeks to enjoy to the full the modern privileges and opportunities. She strays far from the ancestral path and dabbles in the new ideas, ideas which themselves held no attraction for Goncharov. She plays with new thought, with woman's rights, and finally in an unguarded hour she slips over the precipice to meet the radical, Mark Volokhov. Then she repents, and to her surprise she finds sympathy and understanding from her aunt, the one person from whom she did not expect it. The aunt, too, had sinned in her young days and the memory of it had guided and shaped her life, and now as a final atonement she sends away to his estates that friend who had allured her so many years before.

When we turn to the radical, Mark Volokhov, we find again a distinct type. He is not the Bazarov of Turgenev. All the moral grandeur which characterizes that titan, even in his denials, is gone from Mark. Mark is a petty radical,

disrespectful, cynical, a foe of the government, a foe of culture. He proves his superiority to his surroundings by tearing leaves out of books in order to secure a flame to light a cigarette. He preaches free love, contempt for authorities, a mixture and hodge-podge of radical doctrines, until we finally wonder whether he was drawn from life or from the radical, as Goncharov imagined him from the censorship office.

The ideal of Goncharov is Tushin, the honest and industrious farmer, who helps Vyera to get rid of Mark and whose chief interest in life is the increase of production and the administration of his estates. There is nothing thrilling or startling about his program. It is the gradual development of Oblomovka, the constant desire to turn the village into a productive centre. In this there is nothing to fire the imagination and it would be easy to join with the great mass of critics and to ridicule Goncharov's ideal as merely selfish and unidealistic. But again we must remember that as Martha lives in Oblomovka without feeling its limitations, so Tushin can work there, and perhaps Goncharov is right. Perhaps it would have been more to the advantage of Russia, had the youth followed the quiet and laborious path of Tushin rather than the meteoric and destructive course of Mark. We cannot know, but we must try to be sympathetic.

Such is the union of characters in the *Landslip*, and Mark is without doubt Goncharov's understanding of the men of the sixties, the contemporaries of Bazarov and the early nihilists. Though the emancipation of the serfs had already taken place, old Tatyana Markovna is a landowner of pre-emancipation days. It is the same type of timelessness that we saw in the *Ordinary Story*, where Goncharov does not mark any difference between the uncle and nephew. We must conclude that he drew the old aunt from the memories which he had of his childhood, that he added young people of the same types in his own age, and that with these he drew the modern radical as he conceived him. The novel is not so satisfactory as his earlier works. There is something strained, something lacking, and while the figure of the old babushka or even Martha may be compared with his better

characters, Goncharov weakens as he leaves Oblomovka. Certainly his modern characters are not equal to the best types which he could picture.

This marks the ending of Goncharov's career. He wrote a few short stories and then became silent. His place was secure. His was not the glory of initiating a great movement. He did not have the alluring charm of Turgenev, the energy of Tolstoy, or the wonderful psychological analysis of Dostoyevsky. His portion was more modest,—the presentation of the attractive side of the Russian *status quo*. He voiced all those aspirations and sentiments which were connected with the passing golden age; he sympathized with all those qualities which the strain and stress of modern life were forcing into the background; and without caring for his isolation, he lived in quiet and in solitude.

Abroad he could not make the appeal of his contemporaries. To us in the West the spirit of Stolz and not of Oblomov is the conqueror. To us in the West, with our love of bustle and of activity, Goncharov offers an ideal which we are tempted to spurn without examination. But are we sure that we are right? Amid the clash of revolutions and of wars, amid the turmoil of political and social changes, have we not lost something which made Oblomovka alive and vital to the world? Conscience cannot tolerate or idealism approve the type of life that Goncharov sets before us. Social well-being and many another estimable purpose call us away. Efficiency looks with scorn upon Oblomovka, and we of the twentieth century join with it in its haughty and imperious gesture. Meanwhile the world passes on, perhaps into an ever deepening shadow. Even if we cannot approve, should we not with at least kindly tolerance look upon the ideals of Oblomov, upon the life in Oblomovka? Perhaps there is something to be said on the other side; perhaps there is some truth on the side of Oblomov; perhaps he is right. Who knows?

## AN UNPUBLISHED BIT OF JEFFERSONIAN VERSE

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UPON the margins of a folio edition of Machiavelli's *Works*,<sup>1</sup> found in Yale University Library, appear various notes and comments of the late colonial and early national periods, ranging from frivolous sallies of student wit to laborious attempts at political verse. In this mass of marginalia, most of which is utterly trivial and worthless, I have come across the following stanzas, together with an explanatory note by the anonymous author, which deal somewhat interestingly with national affairs during the earlier and the later phases of the Jeffersonian régime:

Rejoice Columbia's Sons, rejoice,  
To Tyrants never bend the knee;  
But join with heart & soul & voice,  
For Jefferson and Liberty.

The above was written in the beginning of Jefferson's reign.  
The same writer would now write:

Rejoice Columbia's Sons, rejoice,  
To Tyrants never bend the knee;  
But join with heart & soul & voice,  
'Gainst Jefferson & Slavery. 1808.

If the author's statement is to be accepted, the first stanza was written in the early part of Jefferson's first administration and celebrated the defeat of John Adams and federalism in 1801. The lines do seem to echo the following sentiment from Jefferson's First Inaugural Address: "Let us then, fellow citizens, unite with one heart & one mind. . . . We are all republicans; we are all federalists."<sup>2</sup> Furthermore, another marginal entry in the same hand reads: "Remember Jefferson's Inaugural Speech in A. D. 1801."

<sup>1</sup> *The Works of the Famous Nicholas Machiavel, Citizen and Secretary of Florence. Written Originally in Italian, and from thence newly and faithfully Translated into English. The Third Edition, carefully Corrected.* London, MDCCXX.

<sup>2</sup> *The Works of Thomas Jefferson*, ed. Ford, IX. 195.



But such an outburst of republican zeal in 1801 from the very stronghold of New England federalism would have been somewhat remarkable, to say the least, in view of the fact that the national triumph of the rising party had been achieved without the aid of a single electoral vote from New England, except that of Matthew Lyon of Vermont.<sup>3</sup> On other grounds as well I am inclined to think that the author's dating, "in the beginning of Jefferson's reign," is to be taken loosely and that the first stanza really belongs to the presidential campaign year of 1804. By that time Jefferson's popularity had attained its maximum height. Louisiana had just been acquired. Prosperity and peace prevailed. All federalist forebodings had been proven vain. The President had been renominated by party caucus unanimously. As state elections proceeded, the drift to Jefferson became a landslide. As early as May 11, Abraham Bishop, in his Hartford oration<sup>4</sup> in honor of the President, after criticizing his own state for having furnished "no part of the votes by which President Jefferson was elected, no part of the wise counsels by which Louisiana was obtained,"<sup>5</sup> affirmed that Massachusetts and Connecticut were "the solitary mourners over the remains of federalism."<sup>6</sup> His assertion proved to be conservative. Connecticut and Delaware alone withstood the avalanche.

The exultation of republicans during the summer of 1804 over their party's achievements during the past three years and the certainty of an overwhelming victory in the fall is well expressed in the opening and the closing words of Mr. Bishop's address:

We are not convened to do homage to a tyrant, nor to parade the virtues of a President and Senate for life, nor to bow before a First Consul, nor to bend the knee before a host of privileged orders; but we have assembled to pay our annual respects to a President, whom the voice of his country has called to the head of the freest and happiest

<sup>3</sup> Muzzey, *Thomas Jefferson*, p. 242.

<sup>4</sup> *Oration in Honor of the Election of President Jefferson, and the Peaceful Acquisition of Louisiana, Delivered at the National Festival, in Hartford on the 11th of May, 1804.*

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 5.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 8.

nation on earth. . . . We rejoice in the administration of President Jefferson, in the assurance of his re-election, and in the acquisition of Louisiana.<sup>7</sup>

One observes the identity of theme and of tone, and even of phraseology here and there, between oration and verse, and surmises that such correspondence may not have been entirely accidental. Had the scribbling bard heard Mr. Bishop's address? Had Bishop been brushing up on Machiavelli? Might the versifier have been the orator himself? At all events, the two productions have striking similarities and seem to mark the height of anti-federalist enthusiasm attained by New England during the campaign of 1804.

The Louisiana Festival was really nation-wide; from New England to New Orleans Jeffersonian oratory resounded on the eleventh and twelfth of May. Thus even in the strongly federalistic *Charleston Courier* we read:

The public papers having announced that the Citizens of most of the States in the Union have agreed to celebrate the Cession of Louisiana, on the 12th inst., a number of the citizens of Charleston, feeling most sensibly the advantages that have accrued to the United States from this most important event, and anxious that it should not pass without some public demonstration of their approbation, . . . agreed to dine together on that day, and to invite such as may choose to join in this National Feast, to meet this Evening . . . to make the necessary arrangements.<sup>8</sup>

On Saturday the 12th inst. there will be a Dinner prepared at Mr. Sollee's Long-Room, in Church Street, to celebrate the great event of the Cession of Louisiana to the United States . . . Tickets at 7 dollars each . . . An Oration will be delivered in the forenoon of Saturday next, by Doctor David Ramsay, who, at the request of the committee, has politely agreed to prepare one for the occasion.<sup>9</sup>

On April 4 Charleston had witnessed the performance of James Workman's "Original Comedy, . . . called *Liberty in Louisiana*, Interspersed with Music, Songs, etc."<sup>10</sup> The play concluded with a speech to the citizens of New Orleans by the American general and the singing of the "Finale," a portion of which ran as follows:

<sup>7</sup> *Address*, pp. 3, 24.

<sup>8</sup> *Charleston Courier*, May 3, 1804.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, May 5, 1804.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*, April 4, 1804.

Oh, never may your people bear  
Of tyranny the galling chain,  
Nor anarchy her scourges o'er them rear;  
But freedom with you ever reign. . . .

Hail Liberty, celestial maid,  
Columbia's glory and delight!  
Here be thy brightest charms display'd,  
And all Columbia's sons unite.

For while upon yon tower our banners wave,  
Your land no tyrants ever shall enslave.<sup>11</sup>

As Workman's play was published as well as performed on April 4, the fame of *Liberty in Louisiana* may have spread as far as to New Haven by the summer of 1804. Certainly Workman's song and the New Haven lines and Bishop's address are of a piece in theme and tone as well as similar in word and phrase. On such grounds I conclude that the undated stanza really belongs to the national outburst of 1804 and not to "the beginning of Jefferson's reign."

The second stanza was written in 1808, and records, somewhat ingeniously, the author's change of mind and heart with respect to all things Jeffersonian. What occasioned such political apostasy, I shall now endeavor to explain.

Jefferson's presidential popularity declined as spectacularly during his second administration as it had risen during his first. The causes are not difficult to understand. Attempting to reconcile expediency with idealistic principles, the President pursued a policy that more and more appeared to be, and really was in many respects, inconsistent, dictatorial, and weak. Abandoning his intention of retiring from office at the earliest opportunity, he had maneuvered himself into a second term.<sup>12</sup> Favoring, in principle, the merit system of

<sup>11</sup> *Charleston Courier*, April 10, 1804.

<sup>12</sup> *Works*, ed. Ford, X. 73: "I sincerely regret that the unbounded calumnies of the federal party have obliged me to throw myself on the verdict of my country for trial, my great desire having been to retire, at the end of the present term, to a life of tranquillity; and it was my decided purpose when I entered into office" (Letter to Gerry, March 3, 1804). Cf. *Charleston Courier*, Jan. 10, 1804: "He must have been blind who did not see a premeditated design put into vigorous execution to secure the re-election of the present president."

civil service,<sup>13</sup> he had ejected federalists<sup>14</sup> with a rigor that must subsequently have shown the way to Andrew Jackson himself. Professedly a constitutionalist,<sup>15</sup> he had overstepped the constitution at will. A proclaimer of liberty, equality, and the right of men to govern themselves, he had set out to rule Louisiana like a king of Spain.<sup>16</sup> He may not have been "the most absolute monarch that ever sat in the Presidential chair";<sup>17</sup> but "A President who took upon himself to double the area of the United States by purchase, to incorporate a foreign population into our body politic and accept a dictatorship over them, to decide from his own private researches the limits of territory in dispute between this country and Spain, to send a force of soldiers and explorers through the region belonging to a friendly power, to threaten to join our nation in marriage 'to the British fleet and nation' without asking the consent of either, to advise Congress to 'cast metaphysical subtleties behind them' and take the risk of supporting an executive who had confessedly 'done an act beyond the Constitution'—such a President was hardly less a Federalist than Washington or Adams."<sup>18</sup> Intent upon "a steady pursuit of economy and peace,"<sup>19</sup> and therefore determined to prevent hostilities with other nations at almost any cost, under the increasing insults of England, France, and Spain he persistently refused to fight. And when, by the Embargo Act of December, 1807, he actually ordered shippers to keep their vessels at home, denunciations flamed from pulpit,

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, IX. 401: "I still think our original idea as to office is best; that is, to depend, for the obtaining a just participation, on deaths, resignations & delinquencies" (Letter to Lincoln, Oct. 25, 1802).

<sup>14</sup> See Dwight, T., *The Character of Jefferson*, chapter 2; Curtis, *The True Thomas Jefferson*, pp. 152-7. Cf. *Charleston Courier*, Jan. 10, 1804: "Old officers were, without any fault assigned, turned out of their places, for their fidelity and adherence to their sincere opinion."

<sup>15</sup> *Works*, ed. Ford, IX. 17: "I do then, with sincere zeal, wish an inviolable preservation of our present federal constitution, according to the true sense in which it was adopted by the states" (Letter to Gerry, Jan. 26, 1799).

<sup>16</sup> Curtis, *The True Thomas Jefferson*, p. 183, quotes Thomas H. Benton on this point: "It was a startling bill continuing the existing methods of the Spanish government; putting the President in the place of the King of Spain; putting all the territorial officers in the place of the king's officers and placing the appointments of all those officers in the President alone."

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 164.

<sup>18</sup> Muzzey, *Thomas Jefferson*, pp. 244-5.

<sup>19</sup> *Works*, ed. Ford, IX. 401.

stump, and press with a vehemence that amounted almost to rebellion: "The President was attacked in the Eastern papers more savagely than John Adams had ever been in the Southern; political speakers held him up as a monster devouring the substance of the land; ministers shouted denunciations from a thousand pulpits; and aspiring poets won laurels by lampooning the President."<sup>20</sup>

The attack was really nation-wide, as had been the frenzied applause in 1804. A southern planter's view was as follows:

Mr. Jefferson, with his salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and Mr. Madison with his five thousand, and our wise, very wise and most learned Members of Congress, with their six dollars a day, may not dislike the Embargo, but the cries of an oppressed people must be heard by them. They must hear and see that the Embargo is bringing ruin to the door of every planter and farmer in the country, and it is to be hoped that, as the measure is neither felt nor complained of by England, that the whiskered Butcher (as General Eaton calls him) will consent to release us from its destroying gripe.<sup>21</sup>

Of poetic fulminations against Jefferson during 1808 the prodigious satire of William Cullen Bryant, entitled *The Embargo, or Sketches of the Times; a Satire. By a youth of thirteen*, though not the longest, was one of the most severe. Of its 362 lines<sup>22</sup> a few will suffice:

Th' Embargo rages, like a sweeping wind,  
Fear lowers before, and famine stalks behind. . . .  
And thou, the scorn of every patriot name,  
Thy country's ruin, and her council's shame!  
Poor servile thing! derision of the brave!  
Who erst from Tarleton fled to Carter's cave;<sup>23</sup> . . .  
Go, wretch, resign the presidential chair,  
Disclose thy secret measures, foul or fair.<sup>24</sup>

Contemporaneously with Bryant, but less extravagantly, for some or all of the reasons I have given, but for the Embargo

<sup>20</sup> Dodd, *Statesmen of the Old South*, p. 62.

<sup>21</sup> *Charleston Courier*, March 25, 1808.

<sup>22</sup> Not "over five hundred," as Muzzey inaccurately states, *op. cit.*, p. 278.

<sup>23</sup> An allusion to Jefferson's narrow escape from Tarleton's troops, who occupied Monticello for a day, on June 4, 1781.

<sup>24</sup> "The Second Edition, Corrected and Enlarged," 1809, Harris Collection, Brown University Library.

most of all, our Machiavellian bard records his disillusioning and takes his final stand

'Gainst Jefferson & Slavery.

Who the author of the two stanzas was, we do not know. As I have already suggested, the scribbler may have been none other than Abraham Bishop. One thinks of Theodore Dwight, who spent much time subsequently upon *The Character of Jefferson*.<sup>25</sup> There are resemblances to portions of the *Columbiad* and *Greenfield Hill*, but the lines fall quite below even the mediocre levels of Barlow and Timothy Dwight. Any one might easily have compounded the stanzas out of remembered scraps of current newspaper verse. The common ancestor of much of the Jingo-patriotic verse of this era was, of course, the pre-Revolutionary Liberty Songs, one of which begins:

Come, join hand in hand, brave Americans all,  
And rouse your bold hearts at fair Liberty's call;  
No tyrannous act shall suppress your just claim,  
Or stain with dishonour America's name.<sup>26</sup>

Obviously, whoever the author was, he was not a poet of renown. We may, however, accredit him with the capacity and the courage to think for himself and to change his mind. And we are grateful to him for his chronicling in little the story of Jefferson's spectacular triumph and unparalleled decline.

<sup>25</sup> Boston, 1839.

<sup>26</sup> John Dickinson, *Pennsylvania Gazette*, July 4, 1786 (Boynton, *American Poetry*, p. 61).

## WILFRID GIBSON

GERALDINE P. DILLA

Nashville, Tenn.

**W**ILFRID Wilson Gibson is a contemporary English poet in whom English-speaking people on both sides of the Atlantic are interested. Born in Hexham in Northumberland, residing for some time in London, then in the Malvern Hills, and now living by the sea in Pembrokeshire in Wales, this poet is as well-known in the United States as in Great Britain. His lecture tour and visit to America in 1917 made him many friends, but his books make still more. Nor is it necessary to know his poems that recall Lake Michigan, Indiana, and Broadway on the one side, or the Embankment, Hampstead Heath or Tyneside on the other. What gives Mr. Gibson his extraordinarily wide appeal is the fundamental quality of his genius—a broad just sympathy, born of true understanding and imagination.

For where else in modern poetry can one find so varied a portrait gallery—nearly all kinds of workers and many kinds of idlers? Even the London tramp, the unemployed soldier, the rural preacher, the gypsy horse-coper appear with lifelike color and characteristic speech in Wilfrid Gibson's recent volume, *Kestrel Edge and Other Plays*. So faithful are his portraits, from the farm servants of "Lovers' Leap" to the Helen of his early *Web of Life*, that we recognize in them aspects of ourselves, not only artistically disclosed but interpreted with real illumination. In the Edinburgh upholsterer whose reverie of "Makeshifts" was much praised by a French critic, we can nearly all recognize our own reflections:

Life was nought  
But toiling for the sixpences that bought  
Makeshifts for stars. . . . And yet he—  
Though he'd not taken life so easily,  
Had always hated makeshifts more or less,



Grudging to swop the stars for sixpences,  
 And was an old man now, with that old thirst  
 Unsatisfied—ay, even at the worst  
 He'd had his compensations, now and then  
 A starry glimpse. You couldn't work with men  
 And quite forget the stars.

English readers have one advantage over American in that they know Mr. Gibson's early books: *Urlyn the Harper*, *The Queen's Vigil* (1902), *The Golden Helm* (1903), *The Nets of Love* (1905), published only by Elkin Mathews, London, and *The Web of Life* (1908), published by the Samurai Press. This last book is remarkable for many exquisitely beautiful poems on traditional themes and in the conventional forms. "The Mariners" is a long narrative devised from the tradition that certain mariners at the hour of the Crucifixion heard a voice across the Ionian Sea crying: "Great Pan is dead!" The old pilot concludes with these prophetic words addressed to the vision of the crucified Christ:

The world's youth slowly withers. Gradually  
 Shall men forget the music and the mirth,  
 The passionate dance, and pleasurable toil.  
 No longer with a song upon their lips,  
 Without foreboding, shall they leap to death,  
 But move beneath its shadow all their days.  
 O wounded Body on the cross of wood,  
 For ever shalt Thou hang against the sky—  
 The world's eternal agony—that men  
 Forget not sorrow and despair and death.  
 Beneath Thy shadow shall the earth grow dark,  
 And men forget the green and gold and blue,  
 And live in strange, grey cities of despair,  
 With jealous hearts and starved, unresting eyes  
 That prey on one another; and shall slay  
 Not only with swift weapons in the battle,  
 But with the slow, deliberate hands of toil.

This idea of life might be said to foreshadow Mr. Gibson's *Daily Bread* (1910), which gave him the epithet "the Millet of poets," for its twenty-four short dramas show the lives of poor people in the country, villages, collieries, and

city tenements. Somewhat later he smoothed down its uneven lines into orthodox blank verse, and brought out a revision of *Daily Bread* as its fifth English edition.

The ponderous volume of *Collected Poems* (published by the Macmillan Company, who have published Mr. Gibson's books in England as well as America since 1916) made him best known in the United States. It opens with *Akra the Slave* (1904) and contains *Stonefolds* (1906), *Womenkind* (1909), *Daily Bread* (1910), *Fires* (1912), *Borderlands*, *Thoroughfares* (1914), *Battle* (1915), *Friends* (1916) *Live-likelihood* (1916). *Fires* is a special collection of twenty-one narrative poems; *Friends* is notable for the sonnets on Rupert Brooke; but *Battle* is the most popular of all his books. Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie characterized it as "a series of short dramatic lyrics, written with the simplicity and directness that Mr. Gibson chiefly studies in his exceptional art, expressing, without any implied comment, but with profoundly implied emotion, the feelings, thoughts, sensations of soldiers in the midst of the actual experiences of modern warfare."

*Whin* (1918) is called *Hill Tracks* in America because unfortunately the fragrant golden whin or gorse is a shrub known only to Europeans. *Neighbours* (1920) is a volume of miscellaneous poems; *Home*, elaborately printed by the Beaumont Press in 1920, is a selection of more personal verses from other volumes. These appealing and intimate poems are never read by Mr. Gibson to his audiences, who are unable to form a just idea of his varied work without hearing such gems as "Marriage":

Going my way of old,  
Contented, more or less,  
I knew not life could hold  
Such happiness.

I dreamt not that love's way  
Could keep the golden height  
Day after happy day  
Night after night.

or the tender "One-Day-Old":

Baby asleep on my arm,  
Would that my heart could enfold you,  
Cherish you, shelter you, hold you  
Ever from harm.

Born in a season of strife  
When warring with fire and thunder  
Men wantonly shatter asunder  
All that was life—

Into a world full of death  
You come with a gift for the living  
Of quiet grey eyes and a giving  
Of innocent breath.

Baby asleep on my arm,  
Would that my heart could enfold you,  
Cherish you, shelter you, hold you,  
Ever from harm.

*Krindlesyke* (1922), an outgrowth of the early *Women-kind*, is a long poetic drama of epic scope and force, a chronicle of common life or of life itself stripped of all the illusions and embellishments with which each generation of writers try to disguise it. As Lawrence Binyon said, "It is at once the most ambitious and the strongest work that Mr. Wilfrid Gibson has given us." With some judicious cutting *Krindlesyke* will prove to be the most actable of modern poetic plays, a fine powerful full-length drama. But "Lovers' Leap" and the other four from his *Kestrel Edge and Other Plays* need no cutting; they are ready for the theater just as they came from the press. They are marvelously intense, brilliantly finished poetic plays with unhackneyed themes. His latest volume, *I Heard a Sailor*, collects his recent miscellaneous poems, dealing with the labors and the recreations of many sorts of men or with incidents connected with his own life. Of these the most quoted is "The Voice":

At sunrise, swimming out to sea,  
I heard a clear voice calling me  
From the little wood whose branches lean  
Over the restless water—

I heard, half-dreaming that I heard  
The voice of some enchanted bird;  
And glancing back, among the green  
I saw my little daughter.

When I must breast the stiller sea  
That stretches everlastingly  
Beneath the starless unknown night,  
The darkness round me falling,  
May it be given me to hear  
Life calling me as crystal-clear—  
To glance back once through failing light  
And answer that sweet calling.

Mr. Gibson's name is often mentioned with that of Robert Frost and John Masefield. The American author of *North of Boston* lived several years in England an almost next-door neighbour of Mr. Gibson. But when Robert Frost discussed his own theories of poetry, his English friend was silent, preferring to speak only of the excellences achieved by others. For Mr. Gibson cannot be induced to discuss his own methods or plans for poems; the only theory he propounds is that a poem is spoiled or lost by talking about it before it is completely written. And it appears that the results justify this theory, if one compares the quantity and quality of the work of these two poets published since 1913, when Robert Frost began to write (though three years older than his English friend).

Indeed, of all that flowering of young English poets in the first years of the twentieth century, Wilfrid Gibson is developing most steadily and sending out the most vigorous fresh poetry. For Rupert Brooke, Edward Thomas, James Elroy Flecker and many others were lost in the war; Walter de la Mare's admirers find little new work of his now except prose; John Drinkwater has learned that his real success is in the chronicle play; only loyalty to an earlier enthusiasm can prompt high praise for much of Masefield's and Yeats' recent poetry; the college lecture room or other more worldly interests have stifled many verses of other Georgian poets: only Wilfrid Gibson steadily continues to add each year to

his twenty volumes new poems of greater beauty and power. He has written well in all forms and in all kinds of poetry—dramatic, lyric, and epic. He has written of widely different places, of many themes; he has not confined himself to poems about the poor. But inasmuch as few poets have written of the industrial classes and no one better than he has done, this part of his work is most distinctive. He seldom moralizes and never preaches, but portrays social conditions without proposing remedies. He is incapable of thrusting himself into his work; for while no one could understand and sympathize more with his characters, each one of them is presented with an artistic detachment and a rare poise. He is singularly free from the obsessions that mar the work of many modern writers, from undue preoccupation with doctrines concerning art, religion, sex, pessimism, or mysticism. In short, Mr. Gibson is a genuine poet of the first order, whose genius is of such character that, while making an immediate impression on his own generation, he has already produced poems that will remain very notable contributions to that great body of literature which is the chief glory of the English-speaking peoples.

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## BOOK REVIEWS

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF EDWARD COOTE PINKNEY. A Memoir and Complete Text of His Poems and Literary Prose, Including Much Never Before Published. Prepared by Thomas Ollive Mabbott and Frank Lester Pleadwell. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1926. 233 pp.

If, as sometimes said, our present day historians of ancient Greece are fortunate in having no more documentary material than can be exhaustively considered, so in a somewhat similar way are the editors of Edward Coote Pinkney fortunate. The poet's works, in both verse and prose, are so few and short that, with textual variants, copious notes, and a long biographical sketch, they fill up little more than two hundred pages. The meagerness of material no doubt made more easy the thoroughness of the editing. Every line by Pinkney having the slightest literary pretension is carefully preserved, whether previously published or hitherto existing only in manuscript; every fact about him, known or discoverable, is faithfully set forth; and an attempt is made to estimate his worth and place him among American poets. Except possibly in overestimating the genius of their poet—a pardonable mistake, resulting from their enthusiasm—the editors have done excellently, so that unless new information or poems come to light their work may be considered definitive.

The present volume includes, in addition to the poems published by Pinkney in the small text of 1825, several new pieces rescued from the files of defunct periodicals or collected from manuscript sources—chiefly Mrs. Pinkney's *Album* and one of the poet's notebooks preserved in the Aldis collection at Yale. Some of these new poems, especially *Cleonice* and *Cornelius Agrippa*, show in the youthful poet a widening range of interests, an easier touch, and suggest that he might have developed further; yet on the whole it is doubtful whether in their present state they will enhance his literary reputation. As much as any growing signs of strength, they exhibit his customary weaknesses—an occasional obscurity, a parading of needless erudition, and an over-exuberance and straining for effect common among young authors. Pinkney will still live, if live he does, because of the beauty of the few lyrics which first brought him reputation, and which have remained accessible in the anthologies—*A Health*, *Evergreens*, *Serenade*, *Song* ("Day departs this upper air"), and another *Song* ("We break the glass"). On these his fame must rest, but because he wrote this handful of true songs, many

lovers of poetry will find it worth while to examine everything from his pen. For this reason even the few sorry prose pieces included will be found to have a value and a significance.

The story of Pinkney's life, also, has decided attraction. His brief and fitful career, packed with the romance of high striving and active adventure, and tempered by griefs and disappointments, furnished the moods and passionate sentiments out of which his poetry flowed. The spirit of that poetry was perfectly borne out in his living—in his dueling, his love-affairs, his chivalrous ideals, his fiery demeanor. More than this, apart from his part as poet, Pinkney's life still affords us an admirable example of what the Southern gentleman of a hundred years ago could be at his best. Because of the possibilities in such a subject, one might reasonably expect a more sprightly biography than the present one—although of course sprightliness is not the first requisite of a good biography. As often as not this quality detracts as much as adds to a record of fact. However that be, the biographical study by Dr. Mabbott and Captain Pleadwell has the virtue of being clear, fair in tone, complete, and well considered throughout.

J. H. NELSON.

University of Kansas.

JESUS OF NAZARETH. By Joseph Klausner, Ph.D. Translated from the original Hebrew by Herbert Danby, D.D. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1926. 433 pp.

Judaism during the past two decades has been making up its mind anew as to its attitude toward Jesus, and many Hebrew leaders have urged their people to see in him one of their greatest prophets. It is a noteworthy fact, therefore, that the first volume which has come from the Hebrew cultural revival which is being attempted in Palestine should be a biography of Jesus, written by an eminent Jewish scholar for the use of Jewish readers. Dr. Klausner has long been known as an authority on the rabbinical literature relating to New Testament times and as the editor of *Ha-Shiloach*, the most important Hebrew periodical, but more recently he has attracted attention as one of the leaders of the Zionist movement.

Writing for Jews unfamiliar with the general setting of the story and even more unfamiliar with the sources for the knowledge of Jesus, Dr. Klausner devotes over half of his book to these introductory topics. The average reader will find this part of the work dull reading, though some of the most important chapters are in this section. Of particular value is the chapter on the Hebrew sources. It has long been known



that the Talmud contained references to Jesus, but the Talmud is a closed book to all save those who have given a life-time to the mastery of its form and method. Hence the marshalling of the pertinent passages and the interpretation of their contents by Dr. Klausner is a distinct service to scholarship. That the information thus gleaned is trivial and we are thrown back on the four gospels for our knowledge will be a disappointment or a relief, depending on one's point of view.

In his story of Jesus' life, Dr. Klausner brings to bear his immense knowledge of Jewish law and thought, and many an incident and saying is illumined by comparison with similar material from the Talmud. Yet for the understanding of the life of Jesus as a whole one feels that there is little contribution. Jesus was a visionary who attained great popularity with the common people, but who fled from Galilee to escape arrest. He was "greatly depressed," but at Caesarea Philippi was hailed as the Messiah by Simon Peter. He then proceeded to Jerusalem, expecting bitter opposition, but in the end to be victorious and be acclaimed the Messiah. The Romans were ultimately responsible for his death. "There was no justice in the case . . . but when or where has ideal justice prevailed" (p. 350). Joseph of Arimathea, in whose tomb he was placed, removed the body and buried it elsewhere, and thus arose the story of the resurrection. Most of these ideas have been heard before. The author strives to be objective and impartial and his facts are fairly and honestly presented. But in the interpretation one soon discovers that Dr. Klausner is not only a distinguished scholar, but also a leader of the Zionist movement striving to revive Hebrew culture and learning. No one doubts his intentions to write in the judicial fashion of the scholar, but one may be pardoned for feeling that he has not always succeeded. Thus to take one or two examples: Jesus did not announce his Messiahship because he had rejected the several current forms of that conception and thus there being no content to the Messianic idea, "nothing was left but to conceal the claim." (p. 254). Jesus did not like to work miracles because they did not always come off successfully. (p. 272). The reason why he taught in the open places and avoided the villages was because he feared arrest. (p. 273). "He taught from the sea itself making it difficult for the police of the time to capture him." (p. 281). Such interpretations do not call for refutation.

But of more interest and importance than the details of the life is the discussion of Jesus' teaching, and especially of the underlying reason for his rejection by the religious leaders of his time. Here more

clearly than elsewhere one sees the influence of Dr. Klausner's life-long devotion to the cause of Zionism. He finds that the reason was Jesus' disregard of the ceremonial law and the traditions of the scribes. One of Dr. Klausner's illustrations makes his point quite clear. When Jesus quoted the commandments to the scribe he mentions only the six dealing with "plain human commands" but makes no mention of the four which comprise the "known ceremonial religious duties." (p. 370). Thus Jesus set aside the ceremonial and the formal side of religion. "He failed to see the *national* aspect of the ceremonial laws." (p. 371). "The Judaism of that time however, had no other aim than to save the tiny nation, the guardian of great ideals, from sinking into the broad sea of heathen culture, and to enable it to realize the teaching of the prophets in civil life and the present world of the Jewish state and nation. . . . His teaching Jesus had imbibed from the breast of Prophetic and to a certain extent Pharisaic Judaism, yet it brought Judaism to such an extreme that it became *non-Judaism*. Hence the strange sight: Judaism brought forth Christianity in its first form (the teaching of Jesus), but it thrust aside its daughter when it saw that she would slay the mother with a deadly kiss." (p. 376). In other words, Jesus universalized Judaism and liberated it from its national limitations, and that in Dr. Klausner's eyes was his deadly sin.

HARVIE BRANSCOMB.

THE ROSALIE EVANS LETTERS FROM MEXICO. Arranged with comment by Daisy Caden Pettus. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1926. 472 pp.

In the course of the correspondence which took place between the governments of the United States and Mexico in 1922 and 1923 the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs admitted that excesses had been committed in carrying out the agrarian program, subsequent to the régime of Obregon as well as during the rule of Carranza, but he justified these excesses on the ground of expediency. "The Agrarian Question," said Pani, "has for four centuries engendered many animosities and many hatreds, and by reason thereof, has made deeper still the abyss that separates the privileged and the popular classes. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that of all the tendencies which manifested themselves on the breaking out of the last revolutionary movement, the recovery of *lands* . . . should have been the most persistent and vigorous, maintaining always alight the torch of the rebellion and bearing its radical and revolutionary impulse beyond the period of armed struggle to the time that the present Government was enabled

to moderate that impulse and . . . give it a bent toward legality. . . . This Administration succeeded in quelling . . . centers of rebellion and in reestablishing peace throughout the national territory, not so much by military force and bloodshed as by the quick application of agrarian laws. Nobody doubts that, facing such dilemma, the adopted solution was the most humanitarian and economic one—in spite of the inevitable damage to individual national and foreign agricultural interests—because the repression by force, of uncertain and transitory results, would have affected necessarily the agricultural, urban, industrial and moral interests throughout the country, with its eternal trail of evils of every kind. This undoubted fact sufficiently justifies the hasty action of the Federal Executive to restitute and grant community lands (*ejidos*) to the villages, taking the necessary lands from the neighboring farms (*haciendas*), even postponing the indemnity for expropriations. . . . Naturally, due to the haste with which the Government has had to act in order to be sure to obtain the immediate pacification of the country and to avoid the greater and really irreparable damages caused by civil war, it could not efficiently organize the necessary personnel. It must be remembered, in this connection, that . . . imperfect administrative organization is an evil found now among the most civilized countries of the world and that this evil had to increase in Mexico, as a result of . . . revolutionary anarchy. And in the fact of the popular eagerness for lands, . . . repressed for a long time, the noble enthusiasm of some *agrarristas* and the intrigues of political agitators who found a favorable field to act, it was not possible, on many occasions, for the Government to keep within the strictest legality. . . ."<sup>1</sup> The experiences of Rosalie Evans are a case in point and the letters contained in the volume now under review illustrate the annoyances and injuries which she suffered between 1918 and 1924 when she was killed while defending what she believed to be her rights.

At the death of her husband in 1917, Mrs. Evans came into possession of the beautiful Hacienda San Pedro Coxtocan, in the State of Puebla. Alleging that they were acting under the powers granted by the agrarian laws of Mexico, "local agrarian agencies granted expropriations . . . to surrounding villages, totaling in all an area considerably in excess of that actually constituting the hacienda." Mrs. Evans resisted the seizures by force of arms and was eventually killed

<sup>1</sup> See Pani to Summerlin, May 24, 1922 and March 31, 1923, printed in *The United States Daily*, May 18 to 20, 1926.

in the contest. The Mexican Government appears to have recognized "her right to resist by furnishing federal troops as a guard." "They are still stationed at San Pedro with orders to resist any invasion by agrarians, but in spite of this a part of San Pedro is still possessed [1926] by those who unlawfully seized it."

Thus the affair is not yet settled. These letters are published by the sister of Mrs. Evans, Daisy Caden Pettus, with the view of carrying on the work which the courageous Mrs. Evans left unfinished. Mrs. Pettus is also interested in recovering the hacienda, which apparently was willed to her by her late sister. "I am unable," says the editor, "myself peaceably to possess or operate her hacienda and my bare possession is possible only with the aid of armed troops. My servants and agents are in imminent peril." (p. 421). The concluding paragraphs of the work are important:

"The significance of the case is not merely a matter of a pecuniary loss to Mrs. Evans' heirs. Hers is a test case for the whole of Mexico. Its decision will affect the rights of thousands of people and the economic welfare of the entire nation.

"It lies within the power of the American people to see that justice is done. . . . Sufficient public opinion in the United States, expressed through its government, could solve the matter instantly. . . . The object to be accomplished is not merely the protection of Americans or American investments in Mexico but that the United States assume the duty that it owes to its neighboring people. It is the Mexican people themselves who are being crushed by the existing conditions. The United States is too close to Mexico to shut its eyes to these conditions." The "murderers" of Mrs. Evans are still "unpunished."

J. FRED RIPPY.

So THIS IS JAZZ. By Henry O. Osgood. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1926. viii + 258 pp.

Jazz has already created some stir—and not a little noise—in the world. It has given us a catchword name for our whole epoch—in the view of some. (Note that jazz has been defined as a syncopated melody over a regular, well-accented four-four beat. And is not this pounding four-four rhythm the great sound of our incessant money-making machinery; and is not the syncopated melody our desperate effort to find amusement and gaiety and distraction; and is not modern life as harsh and loud and horrible as jazz? And if this definition is not altogether adequate, may not the generalization which so denominates our

age be also a little faulty?) Jazz, I say, has already made itself felt, but now it has got itself written up in Mr. Osgood's humoristico-scientific treatise, which is a veritable epitome and Britannica and Who's Who of the subject,—the anatomy and grammar of jazz, with accidence (and recovery), syntax and irregular verbs.

It was the unspeakable Mr. M-nck-n who first suggested to Mr. Osgood that the time was now ripe for applying the scholar's apparatus of research and quellenforschung and criticism to this humble matter of to-day. It was high time. For Mr. Osgood, who is himself something of a pundit in a musical way and a music critic of no mean dimensions, is severely put to it to disentangle from oblivious history the origins either of the name or of the thing. Although Jazz—the lusty fellow—is hardly of age, he has led such a hard and fast life that one cannot believe all the stories one hears about him, and his antecedents, being anyway rather shady, are exceedingly hard to trace. Like Homer, he was born in several places, almost simultaneously; and as you would expect, he isn't sure of his father. But Mr. Osgood was not to be thwarted. He searches, gathers, examines, sifts, and weighs the evidence with the gusto of an investigator out for a doctoral dissertation; but unlike the poor struggling cand. phil. he writes it all down *allegro gioioso*, so that you have played through his two hundred and fifty pages presto, before you know it. (Which reminds us of Mr. Don Herold's quip that "the chief trouble with jazz is there is not enough of it; some of it we have to listen to twice." Really, of course, there aren't even two pieces; it is all the same.)

The historical secrets that Mr. Osgood has discovered, the lexicographical mysteries he has unveiled, the origin-myths he has investigated and found wanting, I leave you to read up for yourselves. I would not steal his or any jazz-artist's thunder. But it is a picturesque story and as lively as its topic, running the gamut from "sperichils" and low dance-joints to blues and costly cabarets, and on to orchestration and Aeolian Hall.

Mr. Osgood is, I suppose, a qualified apologist of jazz. The early days of Ted Lewis's first tempestuous "orchestra" (playing *tumultuosissimamente*) have passed; even our "hot" jazz, which bends out the windows and weakens the chairs, is, like Aetna, cooling off. Jazz has already reached the tuxedo stage of a quasi-symphony concert, and may ultimately settle down to the quiet dignity of swallowtails. In truth, if it follows the curve of Mr. Gershwin's Piano Concerto it will soon fade like a winter dawn and become as Laodicean as the "semi-

classic." Certainly, Mr. Osgood is not such an extremist as Miss Ethel Leginska, well known as pianist and conductor, and famous as a disappearing artist. "Let's kill that beastly stuff—Jazz," said Miss Leginska to an enthusiastic Boston audience a few weeks ago. Not so Mr. Osgood. He rather likes it, and has a persuasive way with him. Good jazz is not such a bad thing, and we should not judge it by its country practitioners. Besides, if you do not care for the sound of it, you can at least enjoy the players: they have themselves such a gorgeous time, from the vibrant prestidigitatious trappist to the whirling dervishes with trombone and trumpet; and every performer is an irresistible prestipaedist—if there is such a word. When the symphony is dull, there is but one conductor; with jazz every player is an entertainer and something of a vaudeville artist to boot.

In a word, jazz is neither a crime nor a disease, but an experiment. Many of its acolytes are powerful technicians; they are careless of tradition and invent with a long arm and a free hand; they have got undreamed of effects from the piano and have added color to orchestral instrumentation. "Will there arise," asks Mr. Osgood at the very end, "a super-Gershwin to develop it far, far away from its faults?" And with that chord of the subdominant I leave it. Let the future finish the cadence.

P. F. B.

THE HIGHWAY AND ITS VEHICLES. By Hilaire Belloc, edited by Geoffrey Holme. London: The Studio, Limited, 1926. Pp. xvi + 40 + 131 plates.

Civilization, according to Mr. Belloc, moves upon wheels just as surely as an army moves upon its stomach. There were vehicles without wheels, but before the vehicle could meet the demands of expanding civilization, wheels had to be developed. On the subject of the wheel, therefore, Mr. Belloc, with reason, becomes almost ecstatic. He believes that the wheel was an invention rather than an evolution, and he traces the development of its spokes, felloes, rims, axles and bearings with an enthusiasm that, fortunately for its contagion, has in it more of history than of mechanics. How the gauge and floor height of the vehicles have been fixed by conditions only slightly variable since the dawn of history and how these in turn have fixed the width of roadways and have called bridges into being are subjects on which almost anyone could generalize, if, in Lamb's sly phrase, he had a mind to, but few so lucidly and interestingly as Mr. Belloc.

The rapid development of both highways and vehicles in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries depended considerably, of course, upon the discovery of new motive powers, but there is no reason for supposing that these powers would have been applied to transit, according to Mr. Belloc, had not the almost accidental improvement of the turnpike beyond the needs of the carter suggested the feasibility of such an application. Hence railways, tram-cars, automobiles, and traffic problems, with a rapid reaction of highway upon vehicle and vehicle upon highway out of which Mr. Belloc evolves some rather unimpressive prophecies about the future of wheeled traffic.

Most of Mr. Belloc's story and much more besides, is told in the collection of 131 plates to which his essay is merely a prologue. Simply as art, without relation to roadways and vehicles, or as social history, these illustrations would make the book a favorite with any owner. Beginning with an eleventh century hammock wagon from an Anglo-Saxon manuscript Mr. Holme has selected a series of illuminated manuscripts, old woodcuts, line engravings, lithographs, etchings, water-colors and prints with an admirable skill both in avoiding the hackneyed and in illustrating the subject. Many of them, in fact, illustrate so much in addition to the subject that the average reader will scarcely have the patience to guide himself by the useful classified list with which the book is equipped.

NEWMAN I. WHITE.

SEVENTY SUMMERS. By Poultney Bigelow. New York: Longmans Green and Company, 1925. 2 vols., xv, 332, 290.

These volumes of rambling recollections and reflections are interesting and entertaining, yet they record no accomplishments of first-rate importance and are the expression of an embittered and cantankerous spirit. The scion of an old New England family, Mr. Bigelow had, as a young man, the advantages which often lead to a notable career in public life. Great energy, an unusually broad education and experience, adequate wealth and an important social position were his. His memoirs contain no evidence that he used his advantages to any serious purpose. From first to last, he tried his hand at a variety of occupations, but he apparently found none that was entirely to his liking. After his graduation from Yale in 1876, he had a brief experience in business and law. There followed a somewhat longer period in newspaper work on the New York *Herald* under its eccentric owner James Gordon Bennett. Most of his active life was spent as a free-lance



writer abroad, but, as he regarded most of his fellow craftsmen as his social inferiors, he could have had no great respect for his calling. Later he founded the *Outing* magazine, only to sell it in a short time. In 1896 he tried his hand as an historian in a now forgotten work on the *German Struggle for Liberty*. For a time, he was professor of colonial expansion in Boston University, a place which he lost, according to his own version, because of his criticism of the work of missionaries in the Far East. In 1905, at the comparatively early age of fifty, he retired to his father's farm on the Hudson.

Unimpressive as this record is, there is unmistakable evidence of a real personality in these pages and, especially, of an unquenchable zest for life and human contacts. His travels, beginning at the age of three, took him to most of the interesting places in the world. He lived in Paris, where his father, John Bigelow, was consul general and later minister, between the ages of six and thirteen, and for a period after 1870, he was given private instruction in Germany. There he became the playmate of the future William II. As an undergraduate at Yale, he undertook a voyage around the world which ended in ship-wreck upon the Japanese coast. Tokio and Pekin saw him before his return. Later he travelled in North Africa and Russia with the artist Frederic Remington. Bennett sent him to Madrid on the eve of the Spanish-American War, and to South Africa when trouble threatened there. Even this catalogue of his wanderings is incomplete. He was the correspondent for the London *Times* in Cuba, a self-appointed investigator in Panama, and at various times he studied colonial problems in Formosa, Korea, and the East Indies.

His family associations, and his own colorful personality, made contacts for him with many of the world's notables—a list of them would read like a briefer *International Who's Who*. What he has to say about many of them needs to be checked with the judgments of better balanced minds, but it is always interesting. The reader will not easily forget his visit with Roosevelt when the latter took him up and down the sand dunes of Long Island in order to exhibit, as Bigelow thought, his leg muscles! His boyhood association with the young William gave him the *entrée* to the Imperial Court after 1888 and to aristocratic circles in Germany, until he lost standing with the Emperor in 1896 as a result of his outspoken criticism of the Kruger telegram. More interested in personalities, especially among the aristocracy, than in political and social conditions, his comments upon Germany have little importance for the historian.

The earlier chapters are kindlier in tone, but as the writer enters the period of his maturity his point of view hardens and he writes thenceforth with a vitriolic pen. Human nature seems to him essentially untrustworthy. Man is a born fighter, and therefore all pacifists are anathema to him. Hating sham of all sorts, he is unable to express adequately his contempt and dislike of Roosevelt, whom he believed to be essentially a *poseur*. He is scarcely more restrained in regard to Wilson. Few are the features of modern life, and especially of the American scene, which meet with his approval. Vaccination and vivisection have been foisted upon humanity by the priesthood of science. Democracy seems to him a fraud and a delusion, co-education and woman's rights a mistake.

Not content with violating accepted opinion on a score of topics, Mr. Bigelow delights in giving an utterly frank account of his amorous adventures during a canoe trip down the Danube. This is done with such obvious gusto that the reader, if he is not overly sensitive, may forgive this breach of good taste. After passing the Iron Gates, the first to do so in a canoe, he unexpectedly participated in a bathing party with a number of Serbian maidens. His comments follow: "And what would you have done—you, my orthodox member of a board of trustees, guiding the fortunes of your local bank, church or village improvement society? Would you have remained on that Serbian strand whilst lovely women beckoned you to their assistance? Perish the thought! and besides, it was almost dark and the water was delicious."

E. MALCOLM CARROLL.

OLD DAYS IN CHAPEL HILL. Being the Life and Letters of Cornelia Phillips Spencer. By Hope Summerell Chamberlain. Chapel Hill, N. C.: The University of North Carolina Press, 1926. 325 pp.

This is a book to put on your shelf by the side of Professor Boyd's "The Story of Durham." For Professor Boyd's book is the sequel to Mrs. Chamberlain's. She traces the decline and death of a typical cultural community of the Old South, he the rise and development almost upon its very ruins of a typical industrial community of the New South. The tragedy which brought destruction to the one brought life to the other, and the story of the two should be read together for neither is quite complete without the other.

Chapel Hill in the old days was identical with the University of North Carolina. The story of the "Old Days in Chapel Hill," therefore, is the story of the old days at the University. The University

of North Carolina is the oldest of our state universities. It is the child of the American Revolution. Commanded into existence by the Constitution of 1776, it received its charter in 1789 and opened its doors in 1795. Sixty-five years later it was one of the two leading institutions of liberal culture in the South. Its 400 students drawn from the Potomac to the Gulf, were taught by a faculty of finely tuned old-fashioned classical scholars. The Civil War emptied its class rooms and Reconstruction closed its doors. The University was one of the casualties of war!

The story of this tragedy Mrs. Chamberlain weaves around the life-story of Cornelia Phillips Spencer, daughter of one University professor and sister of two others. The constitutional mandate which created the University for the instruction of the "youth" of the State was construed to mean *male* youth only; Cornelia Phillips, therefore, was debarred from the University, but under the tutelage of her father and in association with her two brothers she took the full University course required for an A.B. degree. She was in reality, though not officially, the University's first *alumna*; later the University did its best to make good the defect in her status by making her its first woman LL.D.

Though never officially connected with the University, Mrs. Spencer was as much a part of its life as President Swain himself. Brilliant of intellect, comely of person, endowed with great social charm, she was the center around which the life of the village revolved. Joy and inspiration radiated from her. Vance, and Ransom, and Battle, and dozens of lesser men found inspiration and courage to greatness in association with her. Presidents and professors constantly sought her advice; she was the counsellor of Swain, and Battle, and Winston, and Alderman; her pen was ever at the service of the University.

Mrs. Spencer witnessed with indignation the tragedy of '68, and determined that a new and greater university should rise upon the ruins of the old. Nobody contributed more to this end than she. Her "Pen and Ink Sketches of the University" aroused the loyalty of alumni and her letters to the North Carolina *Presbyterian*, the Raleigh *Sentinel*, and the Wilmington *Journal* convinced the State of its duty in the matter. She was on hand in 1875 when students once more began to arrive at Chapel Hill; once more she was the counsellor of the President and professors; once more ambitious youth sought inspiration and courage in her society. From her presence Winston, McIver, Alderman, Joyner, and Aycock went forth as apostles of education in the New South.

Thus in the charming story of Mrs. Spencer's family, friends, and neighbors; of her "old-fashioned education"; of her love, marriage, and widowhood; and of her literary work, Mrs. Chamberlain has written the story of the death of an old and the birth of a new culture. It is a great story, and it is written with a charm of simplicity, directness and restraint that disarms any possible criticism.

R. D. W. CONNOR.

**THE BARNBURNERS:** a Study of the Internal Movements in the Political History of New York State and the Resulting Changes in Political Affiliation, 1830-1852. By Herbert D. A. Donovan, Ph.D. New York: New York University Press, 1925. viii, 140 pp. \$3.32.

The student of American history ordinarily conceives of the Republican Party of 1856 as a combination of Whigs, Free Soilers, and Abolitionists. He seldom realizes that it already included, or was at any rate logically soon destined to include, a considerable body of Democrats, whose party split of 1848, if largely local to New York and less well known, was quite as real as that of 1860.

In tracing the rise and climax of this disagreement within the New York Democracy, Dr. Donovan has rendered a service to American history as distinct from the merely local history from which he draws his sources. So far as the New York Democracy was concerned, the Barnburners were the Liberals and the Hunkers were the Tories, of their day and generation. Yet such was their allegiance to party that both stayed within its nominal fold. It was not as a party but as individuals that Barnburners joined the rising body of Republicans.

In a monograph of 120 carefully written and well-considered pages, Dr. Donovan attributes the rise of the Barnburners to a recognition of new principles of economy and efficiency in State administration, with special reference to the Erie Canal and its auxiliary feeders. He reveals Martin Van Buren as rather reluctantly emerging from political retirement to contest on the Barnburners' behalf the party leadership of Lewis Cass in 1848. He sees Colonel John Van Buren, the ex-President's gifted son, lacking the vision to grasp the opportunity which fell to Frémont in 1856. A little less of party loyalty to the senescent Democracy, a more aggressive willingness to follow the vision wherever it might lead, would have constituted the Barnburners the official bearers of a new gospel for their country.

The author writes with commendable detachment. His Hunkers are not villains; his Barnburners are not saints; all are politicians. But

the Barnburners were not simply office-seekers; principles they had, for which they paid a price. They constitute a link in the story of American idealism. Dr. Donovan has enriched our knowledge of an important chapter in American political history.

LOUIS MARTIN SEARS.

Purdue University.

THE CHARLESTON STAGE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By Eola Willis. Columbia: The State Company, 1924. 468 pp.

In an interesting volume of nearly five hundred pages Miss Eola Willis unfolds the story of the Charleston stage in the eighteenth century. There are twenty-one chapters setting forth in chronological sequence the development of the stage from 1734-5, when the first plays were presented in Charleston, to the end of the eighteenth century. Charleston was the capital of South Carolina and the leading city of the South, and at the close of the colonial period, a leader in cultured polite society. Its stage therefore would be expected to present a type of plays standard in the best cities of Europe and America in the eighteenth century.

Miss Willis lets the local newspapers, such as the *South Carolina Gazette*, the *South Carolina and Country Gazette and Journal*, the *Morning Post and Daily Advertiser*, the *City Gazette*, etc., which are the main sources of her information, tell their own story most of the way, for she quotes copiously from their pages. These newspapers are also for the most part their own interpreters. There is a possibility that her confidence in the manuscript which she assumes to be Mrs. Gabriel Manigault's diary (p. 40) is misplaced. There is no evidence extant to prove that it is Mrs. Manigault's diary and it is not in her handwriting. The more likely theory is that it is an epitome of her original diary, made by another person, from the original manuscript, now thought to be lost.

Though the book does not follow the accepted policies of the historian either in style or in forms of interpretation, it contains many things that are of value to the historical student, for here are rescued from the oblivion of inaccessible newspaper files numerous interesting and valuable extracts in the form of advertisements, programs and press comments.

ARTHUR H. HIRSCH.

Ohio Wesleyan University.

WESLEY ON RELIGIOUS EDUCATION. By J. W. Prince. New York: The Methodist Book Concern, 1926. 164 pp.

Those who view the wide-spread interest in religious education as manifested by the Methodist church with either admiration or alarm will be interested in this thorough and splendid treatise on John Wesley's attitude toward that subject. Many of his followers wonder if Wesley would approve of the movement as it is now being carried forward. The author of this book has no doubts on this score. He says: "One cannot but venture the opinion that were Wesley living in the enlightened twentieth century,—he would advocate the progressive theories held by the church which he founded." He further states that Mr. Wesley had a policy of religious education, definitely framed and correlated, and its exposition is the purpose of the book under review.

Wesley's theory of religious education was a logical outgrowth of his theology. He believed that human life was depraved, but that it might become holy. As Mr. Prince puts it: "inward and outward holiness or piety, a growing experience in the love of God and mankind, maintained and nourished by the use of the means of grace." Wesley believed in the possibility of childhood religion. The illustrations cited, however, are hardly such as to make one think that Wesley had a very sane view on the subject. One especially absurd case is of a little girl who, at two and a half years of age, was so religious that she didn't like to be touched, and sang serious songs of the church for pastime. Mr. Prince sums up Wesley's ideas of childhood religion, however, in a way that offsets its more morbid aspects. "It is a piety marked by a seriousness of temper and behaviour, a slight mystic sense, a tender conscience, and a deep concern for the spiritual welfare of others." The purpose of it "is to instil in children true religion, holiness, and the love of God and mankind, and to train them in the image of God." He insists that they ought to be "trained both for this world and the world to come." He wisely advocates the combination of conversion and training as the only effective way of producing the proper results in the life of the child, and insists that "religious education and conversion supplement each other."

In the matter of the particular theories and methods, however, one wonders whether it is Wesley's methods or those of his mother that really ought to receive the most attention. This remarkable woman, who reared and trained nineteen children, worked out a plan of training that is remarkably like the most sensible plans of today. She arranged a curriculum suited to the children, conducted a proper family

worship, and put into practice some rules that are quite commendable. Among these were regular methods of living, self-control, moderation in eating, and proper devotions. The influence of these rules is manifested in both the conduct and the doctrines of Wesley.

Wesley's scheme of religious education embraced the two essentials of instruction and discipline. Perhaps its aim was stated a bit differently from that of today. It included the curing of the following diseases: self-will, love of the world, pride and atheism. In the matter of instruction the following rules were laid down: instruct children early; speak to them plainly; teach them frequently; teach patiently. The scheme was also to be taken over by the preachers as well as the home. The task assigned them was three-fold: (1)—to revive and guide family worship; (2)—to teach the children in the home; (3)—to form societies for them within the larger societies. The scheme was further extended to include the schools under his direction. All in all, the scheme was well-balanced and quite effective, and we are indebted to Mr. Prince for an excellent presentation.

H. E. SPENCE.

THE PERIL OF THE WHITE. By Sir Leo Chiozza Money. London: W. Collins Sons & Co. Ltd., 1925. 207 pp.

WHITE AMERICA. By Ernest Sevier Cox. Richmond: White America Society, 1925. 395 pp.

The authors of these two books deal with the same subject from slightly different points of view. The former sees the leadership of the White Race, and particularly the British part of the White Race, imperiled by a continuance of the fall in the birth rate of the one third of the world's population which is European, or of European descent, and by the possibility of a fall in the death rate of the colored races; the latter is so alarmed at the prospect that he sees repatriation of the Negro in Africa as the only answer to the threat of a *café au lait* progeny of the present Black and White America.

Money writes in a much more restrained and passionless fashion than Cox, as might be expected, except for a short passage when he is confronted by the terrible spectre of the colored races of the world united under the aegis of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. Under the influence of this spectre he takes "time out" to shed a few tears over the murder of the Tsar at Ekaterinburg, although the connection of this bloody spectacle with the thesis of his work is not apparent. Money also takes occasion to ridicule what he terms the "Nordiculous"



theory, and pays his respects incidentally to Messrs. Stoddard and Grant, those admirers of the great Nordic superman who was "probably derived from the Cro-Magnon" and "apparently also entered if he did not come from, Central Asia." This attitude is unusual in a writer on a subject such as this, and at least leads one to feel confidence in the statistics offered, even if the arguments are, on the whole, uncertain and confused.

Mr. Cox, on the other hand, writes from a frankly propagandist point of view, and quotes Grant and Stoddard with the greatest respect and seriousness. He, at least, leaves the reader in no doubt as to what he considers the gravest peril which confronts the nation, nor does he hesitate to advocate whatever action might be necessary to insure the permanence of a purely white race and civilization in America. Were it not for some unconsciously humorous passages, such as those in which he finds the civilization of China, Mexico and Peru founded by Caucasians and ruined by the inter-breeding of the great white race with those of dingier hue, the book would merit serious attention. His comparison of the situation in the Union of South Africa with that in the Southern States is interesting and worthy of consideration, for he writes from first hand observation, since he lived in South Africa for two years. Some excerpts from Professor Breasted's *History of Egypt*, which deal with the contact of the ancient Egyptians with the negroes, are very interesting.

Both Money and Cox are particularly alarmed at the possibility of a fall in the future death rate of the colored races due to progress in hygiene, sanitation and diet which may be expected to occur as a result of the attempt to educate the non-European races. The rather obvious possibility that the birth rate might fall in proportion to the death rate seems hardly to have occurred to either. It must be admitted, however, that although the possibility is an obvious one, it does not necessarily follow that the two rates would fall simultaneously. The fall in the birth rate might be so belated as to seriously affect the balance of numbers between the white and colored races.

CALVIN B. HOOVER.

HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA. By Samuel A' Court Ashe. Vol. II., 1783 to 1925. Raleigh: Presses of Edwards and Broughton Printing Company, 1925. xiv, 1449 pp.

In 1907 Volume I of this work was published. It brought the story of North Carolina down to the end of the American Revolution, and

the present volume continues the narrative to contemporary times. Both volumes have characteristics in common. Each consists of annals, events in sequence of time, without respect to any vital relationship. There is no separate organization or presentation of political, economic, and institutional development as such. Annals at their best is the author's aim throughout.

However, the present volume is inferior to the former. Its perspective as to the value of the events is not as good, and the proportions devoted to various epochs are not well balanced. Thus of the 1353 pages of text, 619 are given to the seventy-eight years from 1783 to the accomplishment of secession in 1861, 392 to the four years of the Civil War, and 340 to the sixty years after 1865. The value of the volume, unlike its predecessor, does not lie so much in its enumeration of facts as the nature of the author's selection of facts and his perspective. By tradition and association he belongs to the Democracy of antebellum times as well as that of today, to that political group which was strongly states rights and sympathised most with secession. He served in the armies of the Confederacy, lived through reconstruction, and has seen the rebuilding of North Carolina. His emphasis is therefore less on the Whig ideal and influence in antebellum times, his attitude toward the Civil War is that of a staunch Confederate, and he does not see clearly the forces that have brought about the real reconstruction of the commonwealth. But his judgments are of value and must be reckoned with as representing views that have not been as favorably presented in recent historical writing.

Unfortunately the two volumes of Captain Ashe's work have been issued by different publishers, in bindings that differ and on different qualities of paper. Mechanically the former volume is much the superior.

W. K. B.

INCREASE MATHER, THE FOREMOST AMERICAN PURITAN. By Kenneth Ballard Murdock. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1925. Pp. xv, 442.

This sympathetic and scholarly biography of the greatest of the Mathers is to be welcomed by all who would understand Puritan New England. The author interprets Mather not by the standards of today, but by those of the seventeenth century, making vivid the physical and intellectual environment in which he lived and judging him by the canons of his own generation. Judged thus, Increase Mather loses much of the coldness, the narrow outlook and harsh intolerance so commonly ascribed to all Puritans. Here was a man of deep religious convictions, it is true,

but of open mind. He was a Puritan minister, but keenly interested in scientific discovery and speculation, unafraid of theories which ran counter to conservative, theological interpretations. He could turn from the burning controversies concerning church polity to an eager study of "blazing stars." He spoke and wrote earnestly of the religious life, but he could also staunchly defend inoculation for smallpox. Though believing, as did most men of his day, in witches, he was, Murdock believes, even here a liberal leader, accused unjustly of responsibility for the persecution.

It is not only in the witchcraft episode that the author proves Mather less intolerant and illiberal than he has been pictured. This is indeed the keynote of the biography, and the point seems at times overstressed. His desire to interpret Mather against a seventeenth century background and his reaction against the one-sided picture of the Puritan drawn by recent writers make the author at times less critical of Mather's faults than seems entirely just. Nevertheless, it is a satisfaction to find a writer who can recognize the warmth, liberalism, and intellectual curiosity of a leading Puritan divine.

The biography deals largely with Mather's public life as preacher, literary leader, diplomat, and president of Harvard College; hence his intimate relations with his family and the people of the Old North Church whom he served for sixty-two years, can be glimpsed only by a touch here and there. It was not the Puritan way to write or talk of these things. That his religious faith was ardent and abiding was attested by friend and foes, and he won and retained not only respect but love.

It is interesting to learn that Increase Mather did not wish to spend his life in America. After leaving Harvard, he went to England, apparently intending to remain, but his days there, with their strange mixture of religious ardor and worldly ambition, ended perforce after the Restoration. On his return, like so many of the New England clergy, he became deeply involved in politics. To follow him through the troubles with Andros and his gradual loss of popularity and prestige is to follow a practical politician, an able diplomat, ambitious, it is true, but unafraid to speak his mind, even at cost of his leadership. It is also to understand more clearly the intimate relation of politics and religion in colonial Massachusetts. According to his biographer, Mather's claim to universal fame rests on two things: first, his diplomatic ability and his "unequalled share in guiding an important era of the history of a great nation," and second, "the undying value of the sort

of character he owned," a character which grew out of his faith in God and man.

The book is well written, the footnotes and quotations, though adequate to satisfy the historical critic, are sufficiently subordinated for the general reader. The illustrations are well chosen and finely reproduced. The bibliographical appendices, containing a check list of Mather's writings, are of special value to the student wishing to know more of Increase Mather.

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